

FAMILY
VISTA

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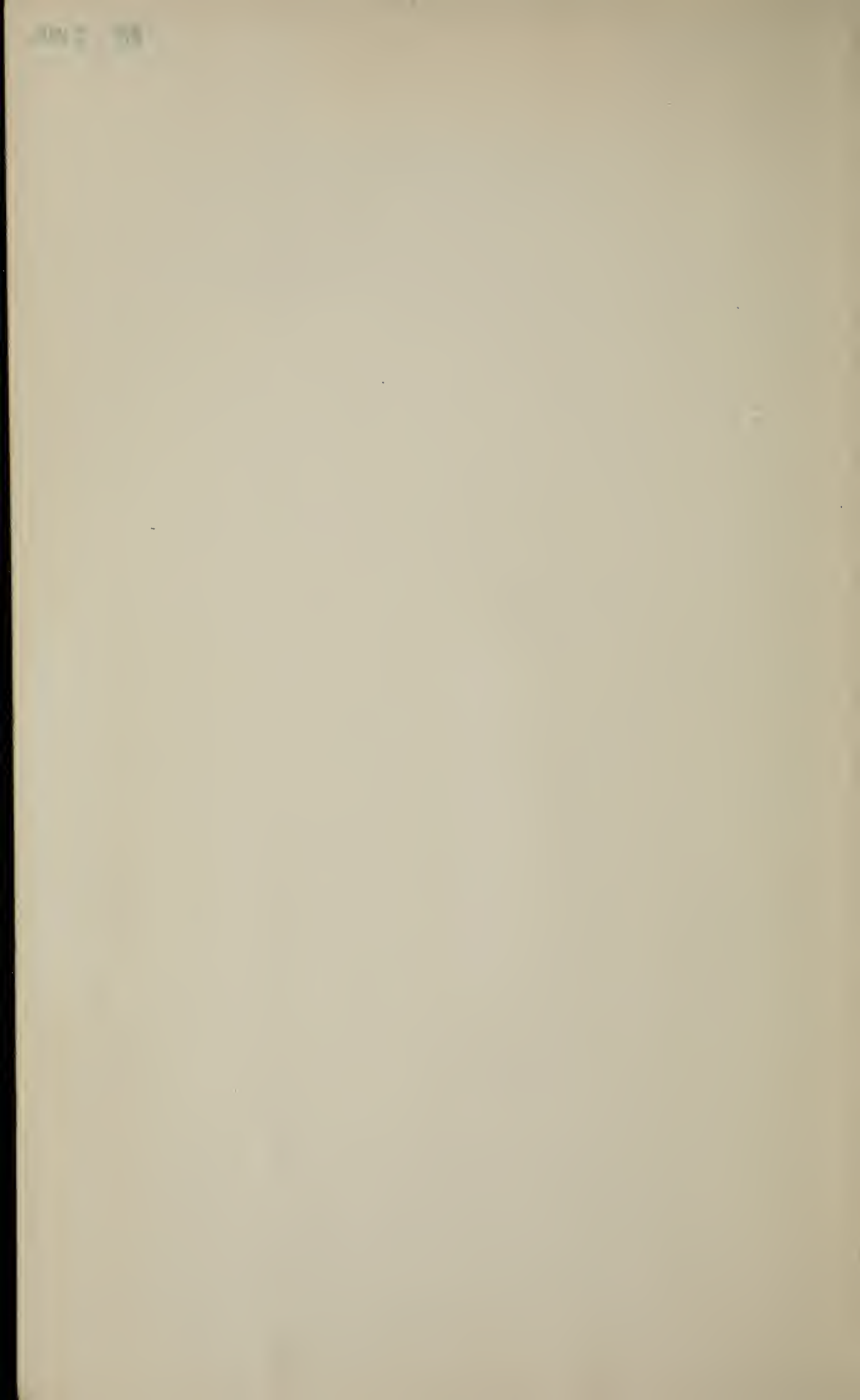
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FAMILY VISTA

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VOLUME VIII
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Mayme Charles Bryant

FAMILY VISTA

the memoirs of
MARGARET CHANLER ALDRICH



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DEDICATED TO

M Y D E S C E N D A N T S

MAY THEIR HEARTS BEAT HIGH FOR
FAITH, FAMILY AND OPPORTUNITY

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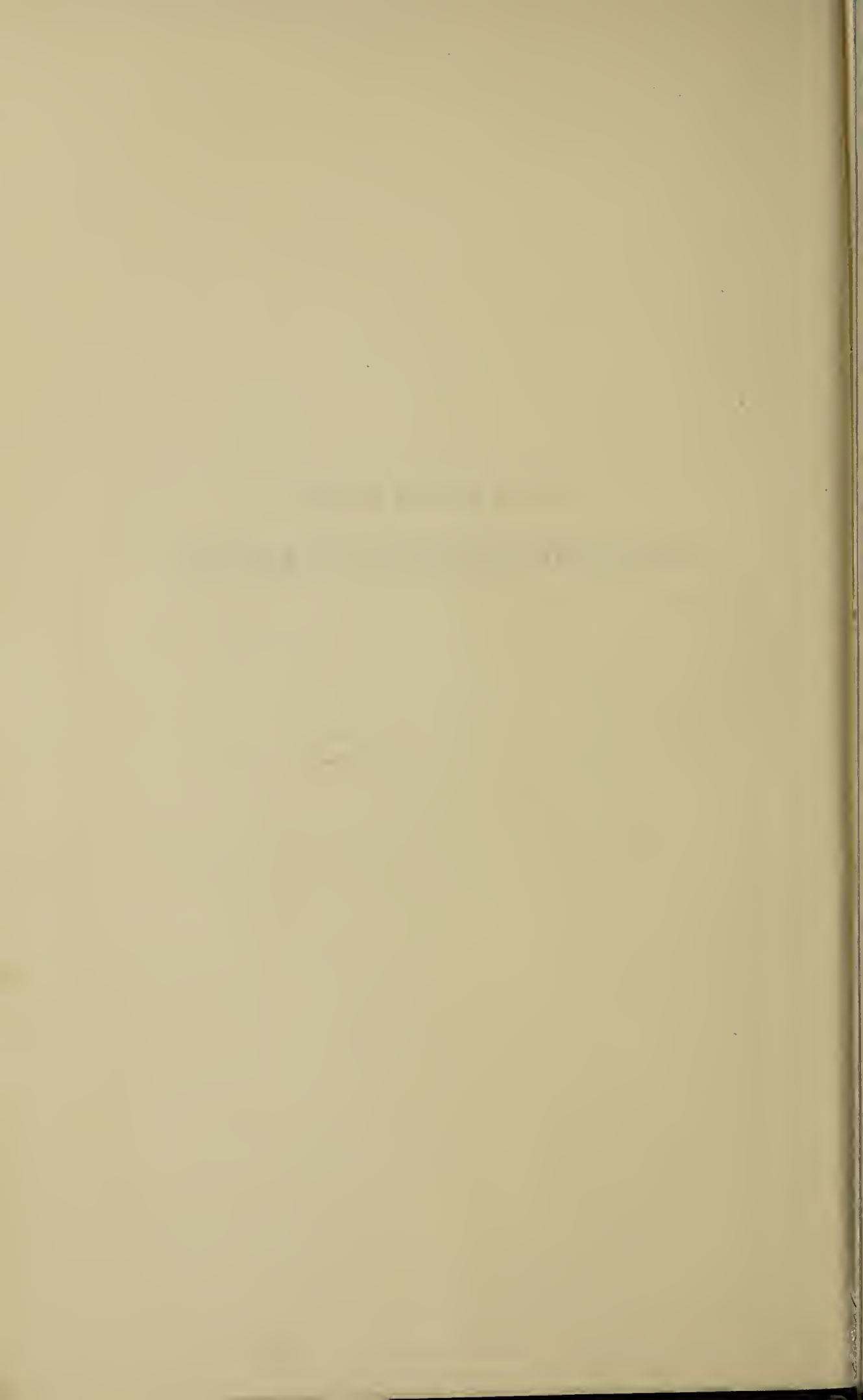
SOME twenty years ago a publisher asked me to write my memoirs. I did so, but he returned them, saying I had not written a book. Two other publishers made the same answer. Then out of the heart of friendship came the change. Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken said, "This *is* a book," and proceeded to shape it for me. I added a final chapter and embraced the valued offer of the Dutchess County Historical Society to publish *Family Vista*. In addition to the Society's endorsement I have a letter from Mr. Allan Nevins urging me to publish the memoirs which historians will welcome.

Where the writer ends the readers begin. May they each find something of interest in my pages.

M.C.A.

C H I L D H O O D

SUNDRY BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS



L I F E W I T H O U T M O T H E R

THE SECOND American Astor was nearing his earthly end. He sat bolt upright in an armchair by the open fire. My mother found time to read the Bible to him every morning. When the reading was completed I said, "Grandfather, if you will whistle 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning' I will jig it." I was sorry he did not seem to know the tune.

The next time I went in to visit him he was lying in the same room, on a very narrow bed. I was lifted up to see how very quietly the dead sleep. A good thing, as it happened, for my mother caught cold at his funeral, and soon we were being lifted up to look at her asleep in our front hall. It was a long drive from 192 Madison Avenue to St. Mark's on the Bowery, and then up to Trinity Cemetery at 153d Street.

I have some twenty memories of her — a shining countenance, playing with us, playing to us, going down on her knees in the family pew with many of us, spanking the turbulent — all with the same gay *élan*.

From the Madison Avenue house, my birthplace in October 1870, I took away nothing but a few lessons in character. The family home was rented, then sold; and its contents soon burned in the fireproof warehouse where they were stored. At the family Christmas tree, mama placed me in an adjoining room, with my back to the company and the bright fire. "Here are your toys." It did not occur to me to look around.

On another day I stopped her with the question: "How many times should I pray?" She told me David had prayed

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seven times a day. That stopped me. I could not count up to seven.

One day she said, "Your voice is a little hoarse."

"Oh no, I am too small," I said. "I am only a pony."

The summer I was four I demanded work. We were then at Newport, and mamma sent me with a nurse to buy needles and pink wool.

Punishment came one day when she cured a fit of naughtiness by leaving me upstairs with the three below my own age.

"You are too little to come down in the afternoon while you behave in that way."

In Washington twenty-five years later I found a senator's wife who said, "My husband was in Congress with your father. We thought your mother wonderful. She had the only clinical thermometer in Washington and lent it freely."

Mrs. Joseph Choate told me of a dinner party at which, while the men smoked, the ladies discussed spring shopping. She recalled that someone called Mrs. Winthrop Chanler looked up brightly and said, "I began today the seventy-two pairs of stockings."

Our governess married that summer in 1876 while we were in Newport. My mother had been so happy over the romance with a curate in our New York parish.

Mr. Bostwick, a nephew of Dr. Gibson, the founder and head of St. John's military school for boys at Sing Sing, arrived at ROKEBY with Armstrong and Winthrop for the holidays when school closed.

When autumn came we depended for our education that first winter on the governesses of a kind and understanding neighbor Mrs. John Aspinwall. French, music, drawing — I remember beginning them all.



JOHN WINTHROP CHANLER



MARGARET ASTOR CHANLER

Meanwhile, the family felt my father must be approached and persuaded.

"Uncle Wint, what are you going to do?"

The answer was, "There is only one woman worthy to bring up Maddie's children and that is Mary Marshall, who lived so long with my mother."

"Have you asked her to come?"

"How could I?"

The nephew and his wife sailed for Charleston to present the situation. Miss Marshall was quite willing to try her hand. She was twice a Chanler to begin with, her grandmother and great grandmother being daughters of the first two American Chanlers. My father arranged for her to arrive as soon as he sailed for England with Armstrong, Winthrop and Bessie, who were destined respectively for Rugby, Eton and Ashcliffe, the latter being Miss Sewell's boarding school for girls. Returning to Newport in August, he found us a serene household. Early autumn brought us back to ROKEBY with him and Miss Marshall.

One night during supper he said, "Children, never listen to a lady who refuses to stop playing croquet when the grass is wet. I have taken cold." He had a short pneumonia, dying on the 19th of October. Four of us were in his room. The doctor, who had watched Lincoln visiting in Army hospitals during the Civil war, broke down. Our rector prayed. When the end came he said, "Let us go to the nursery, to the younger children."

THE EARLY CHANLERS

My father was a New Yorker by birth, born in the house of his Winthrop grandparents. But his father John White Chanler was a clergyman of South Carolina.

My great-grandfather Isaac was a doctor; his father, also Isaac, was a clergyman. Professional men rarely owned plantations with quantities of slaves. The Chanlers fitted this generalization.

My grandfather John White Chanler was sent to Yale College, lest he be contaminated by Harvard's Unitarianism. At Yale young John made friends with a Stuyvesant classmate who took him home for the Christmas holidays. Thus began his courtship of Miss Elizabeth Winthrop, whose mother was a Stuyvesant.

Grandfather preached at St. Mark's in Clarendon County, South Carolina, John C. Calhoun being his vestryman. Many services were held among the planters' families who could not make the muddy roads much of the year. Their rector rode circuit. He had to resign this strenuous ministry because of organic heart disease. So little was heart disease understood, that the post-mortem of his very sudden death read: "Ossification of the heart." This was in New York, where he had spent his last ten years with the Winthrops.

The John White Chanlers had three daughters and one son John Winthrop, my father. The youngest daughter became insane and lived upstairs many years, an unremitting shadow. During that time my grandfather, though too weak to preach

or hold service, was always the man of God at need, teaching mysticism and curing alcoholics by prayer. His handsomeness was noticeable. Once in Florence a copyist painting in one of the great galleries introduced himself, saying, "I have long been watching your countenance, and beg your leave to paint it."

The Winthrops were not entirely pleased when the Southern clergyman took his wife and daughters to see Shakespeare. They banned the theater.

My father John Winthrop Chanler graduated from Columbia and studied for two years at Heidelberg. He traveled in Germany, going to Berlin where he was presented to the deaf king who called him "Mr. Campbell," giving us an amusing assurance of the vowel sounded in Chanler. On his return he studied law and gained admission to the New York bar. Soon he was running for Congress from the Stuyvesant estate. His Heidelberg German came in very handily, for the Bowery tenements were rapidly filling with German immigrants.

Southerner and New York Democrat that he was he marched with his regiment — the Seventh — to defend Washington. He declined a commission which would have taken him into the State of Virginia. His commission was accepted by his cousin Theodore Winthrop, who was killed in the first action.

The Chanler's domestic slaves were loyal when Emancipation came. My father's sister called her household together and told them they were now free to leave her and her children. Their spokesman replied, "Yes'm, we heard about that; but 'til the doctor returns from the Army we ain't making any trouble. We promised the doctor to take care of you. I guess we done it when the Northern Army came through. We want to keep it up now."

FAMILY VISTA

The Chanlers had never practiced non-recognition of marriage or separations among their servants.

The Northern Chanler was not handicapped by his Southern ancestry. In New York he was twice elected to Congress in Reconstruction days. A "State Democrat" by inheritance, he opposed the appalling postwar proposals to enfranchise the uneducated Negroes. He presented an amendment which contained an educational qualification for suffrage. The Republican party wanted the immediate vote and got it.

The Grand Army of the Republic and the GOP met with little opposition. High-minded officers, tired out from the military campaigns, could not rise to defend the electorate. Both organizations fell into bad hands, political jobbers winning control of the unskilled immigrant population. John Winthrop Chanler took a major role in uncovering and disgracing the Tweed Ring. Twice he was elected Sachem of Tammany Hall. Mr. James Croswell told me that in his youth in Cambridge he and his one Democratic classmate looked to Chanler of New York and Russell of Massachusetts to revitalize the party.

I once asked the historian James Ford Rhodes: "You quoted a sentence of my father's: 'Starvation stalks our streets.' Was that provided by one of your secretaries?"

"No, it meant that I had read at least the whole speech."

At fifty my father was dead; I have no discernment to guess what later years might have held for him.

I tried once, when in Charleston, to learn why a dozen young Charleston men should have studied in German universities during the 1840's. One should have expected the choice of France. Nobody could help me. Then I had a clue. My grandfather had been a classmate of Calhoun at Yale. During the latter's term as Secretary of State, he had been consulted by

THE EARLY CHANLERS

the Prussian authorities in regard to the American Constitution. They were forming one of their own. In the course of the correspondence the Prussian king requested the appearance at court of any young Americans then studying in Germany. Had my grandfather acted on his parishioner Calhoun's advice?

1 1

To go back to the first two Chanlers:

The Rev. Isaac Chanler (1709-49) came to Charleston from Bristol. We have his diary written in 1745 and 1746. I found his christening in St. Mary's, in Bristol. He brought with him a family Bible containing the Guisborough coat of arms, which was burned in New York in 1878. The name inscribed in that Bible was Chaloner. My father, looking over his son's shoulder when he was reading *The Children of the New Forest*, recalled, "Chaloner; that used to be our name."

There were three Chaloners in the Long Parliament. One voted to behead Charles the First, one voted not to behead the King, one walked out without voting. The Regicides left England and changed their names. Lord Guisborough had no knowledge of American Chaloners, but in 1926 he kindly sent me a copy of a letter he had just received from an individual who wrote: "We ask to be accepted as a member of the Guisborough family. My ancestor was a Regicide who left England for Munster, changing his name to Chawner."

Besides his diary there is his book, *The Doctrines of Glorious Grace*, still owned by one of his descendants.

The Rev. George Whitefield, representing John Wesley, came to Charleston and was challenged to a theological debate by Dr. Chanler. The debate took place on the stairs of the Chanler house and was remembered a century later as: "Very crowded in attendance and equally eloquent on both sides."

FAMILY VISTA

The Rev. Isaac Chanler had intelligence and money enough to send his son Isaac all the way to Edinburgh for a medical education. We have his graduation thesis on hysteria, in Latin. He returned from Edinburgh in time to become a physician in the partisan armies of the Revolution in and about Charleston.

ROKEBY

ROKEBY at Barrytown on the Hudson, six miles north of Rhinebeck, was inherited by my mother in November 1875, one month before her death. She had made a new will. It was in the following May that our father took his children to what was now their inheritance.

The eastern shore of the Hudson River was early developed by the Livingstons and the Schuylers. Among others, Judge Robert Livingston of Clermont, grandson of the first Robert and his wife Alida Schuyler, was important in Colonial history. His tradition was carried on by three of his sons: Robert the chancellor; John the ironmaster; and Edward who wrote the Louisiana Purchase and was Secretary of State in Jackson's time. He had another son and six daughters, three of whom married Revolutionary soldiers of rank: Richard Montgomery from Ireland, Morgan Lewis from Wales, and John Armstrong from Carlisle, Pennsylvania. All ten children made country seats for themselves on Hudson's shore, mostly on land inherited from their mother Margaret Beekman.

In the years before the Erie Canal brought grain from beyond Albany, Hudson River wheat and meat were New York City's chief supply, and trade on the numerous sloops was important. John Armstrong was vitally interested in this activity and in his later years he wrote a textbook on agriculture for the use of the river farmers. When they had returned from his term as Minister to France during 1806-10, he and his wife Alida Livingston built ROKEBY.

FAMILY VISTA

In March 1815, while ROKEBY was being constructed, a sudden fire destroyed the nearby farmhouse and in it the manuscript records of Minister Armstrong's conversations with Napoleon. The Armstrongs with five sons and one daughter moved hastily into stone-walled ROKEBY "to the music of saws and hammers." Their only daughter Margaret (Armstrong) Astor lived until I was two years old, our lives together spanning the seven generations that have dwelt in the house. She gave it the name ROKEBY, fancying a resemblance to landscapes in Scott's poem.

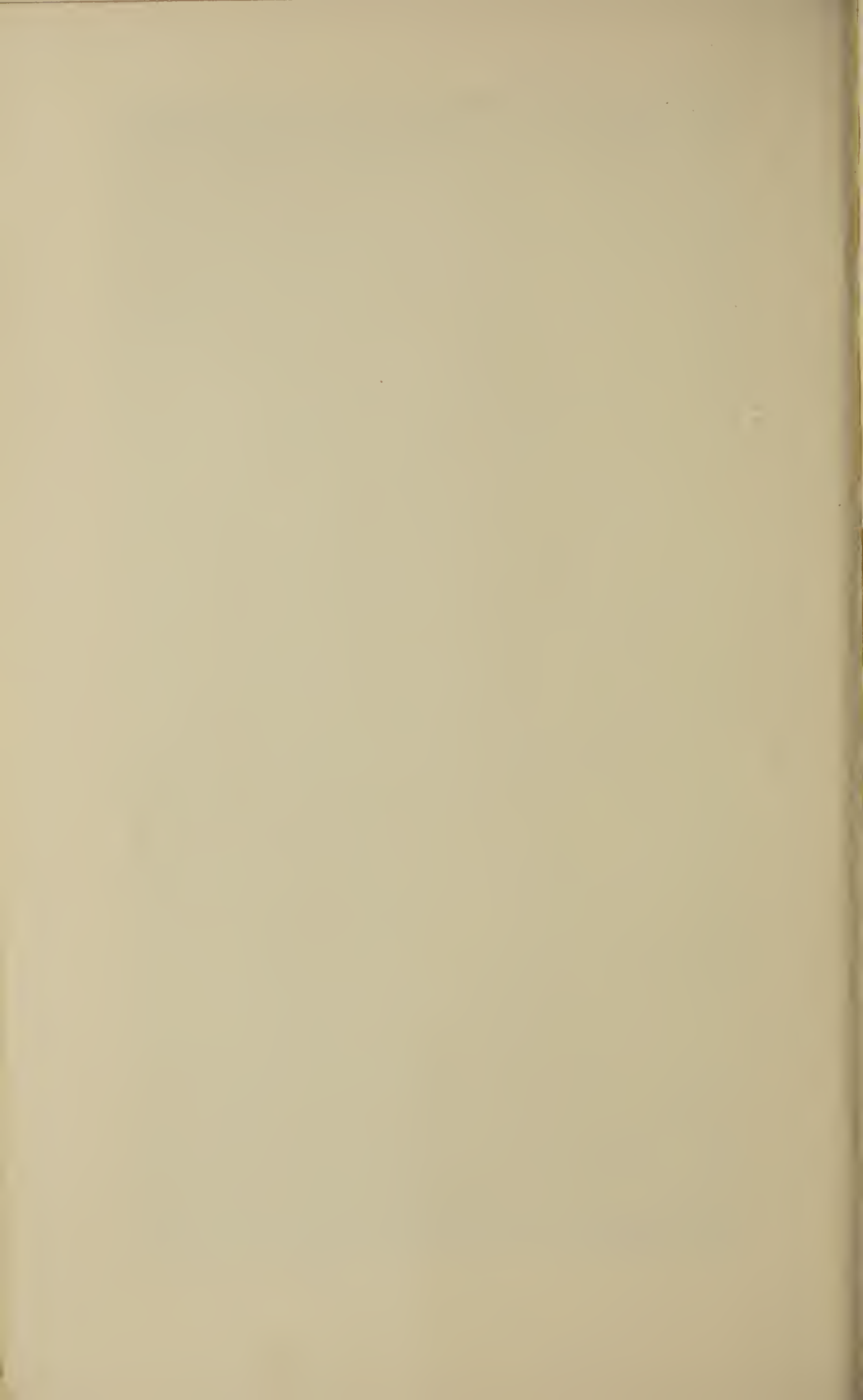
A married woman could not own property until after the middle of the nineteenth century, and Margaret Armstrong no longer had her share in ROKEBY after her marriage. Her father-in-law, the first John Jacob Astor, bought out the Armstrong sons' shares in their patrimony and deeded the property to his own son William. General Armstrong continued to spend his summers at ROKEBY, sitting at the head of the table until his death in 1843. His wife had died years before the transfer. A bachelor son Kosciuszko Armstrong also retained his bedroom to the end of his own long life.

Up to this household the Astors brought their three sons and three daughters during the summers. All of them lived in the neighborhood in after days, with the exception of Emily, wife of Samuel Ward, who died when her child was two years old. This first grandchild, my mother, was adopted by her Astor grandparents, and thus inherited ROKEBY in November 1875. Her will, so quickly made, bequeathed the property to her children.

My mother's father Sam Ward was often in the California Gold Rush. He astonished his cousin Judge McCallister by giving letters of introduction to a swaggering loud-mouthed individual who had demanded them. "Don't worry, Hall,"



SAMUEL WARD



ROKEBY

was his answer, "the people to whom I gave him letters have all died. I do not know one of their sons who now have the titles. My letters will not get any further than the secretaries."

Miss Louisa Schuyler told me, "Mr. Ward took Russell from the London *Times* on a Southern tour. They were in the Charleston Club when news came that the New York Seventh Regiment had left to defend Washington. His comment was, "Gentlemen, the Confederacy is defeated. The New York Seventh contains the brains, blood and fortune of the North."

Instead of being asked to leave the club and Charleston, this daring speaker evidently discussed good cellars in war-time and remained an important personage there.*

1 1

Arriving on a May day in 1876, I rushed from carriage to lawn to pick a wild flower. My older sister stopped me. An old gardener, the same one from whom we were to learn so much about General Armstrong, said, "Don't stop her. She owns it as much as you do."

Well into this generation of my nieces and nephews, as well as my children and grandchildren, ROKEBY has known "share and share alike."

There we passed eleven winters, with midsummer intervals either at Newport or Caldwell on Lake George. Winters were long: skating always by Thanksgiving, and no snakes before March. The house offered much variety, with its staircases north and south, the west tower, the servants' wing, long passages on different levels, great rooms with very high ceilings and wide French windows. The many kerosene lamps cast ghostly flickers among the deep shadows. My father put in the

* His letter in 1881 to President Chester A. Arthur is based on this incident and is reproduced here.

85 Clinton Place
New York

15th Decr 1881

Dear President Arthur

At the approach of Genl
Sherman on his March to the Sea
the Charleston Jockey Club buried
its old Madeiras which were saved
by this inhumation and about six
years ago, the wine was sold to a
member of the House of Baring who
took it to London. where from
British ignorance of the mode of
handling such old wines, it never
recovered from the voyage. At the
time of Baring's purchase I and
some friend of mine were in treaty
for the whole lot, as we had been
tempted by the high character of
the samples sent hither. Three years
ago Baring grew sick of his bargain
offered to redeliver the wine in
N. York free of expense, on being
repaid its prime cost.

Mr Keene & myself took it,
and after a year's repose in
Demijohns the wine grew clear
and was bottled.

Unluckily, the original catalogue
had been lost - it may have fallen
into Sherman's hands - and we
have no descriptions of the years
and vintages - none of it is less
than 40 years old and some exceed
half a century.

The numbers sent to you yester-
day are 3. 5. 6. 7 & 8 - one case
of each of the 4 first and 2 cases
of the last number.

The bottles should be taken
from the cases and stood on end
in a dry part of the cellar when
they will probably be ready for
use in February when it may
be taken from the cellis avitis.

With great respect
Affectionately
Uncle Sam

FAMILY VISTA

first furnace, heating adequately only the east rooms on the first two floors; from the third floor came frequent reports of frozen water ewers from the boys' tutor or the successive French governesses. We had only one bathroom.

Over the eleven years there were perhaps as many visits to New York for dentist, oculist, photographer and one or two weddings. Once I went with a nurse to stay in a Stuyvesant house in the Seventies, large enough for a country place. Mr. Lewis Rutherfurd's telescope was set up in the yard facing the east end of St. Mark's Church. It now is on the Columbia University campus.

In 1892 obituaries were published about the American astronomer Lewis Morris Rutherfurd. His biography has not been written and very few Americans know that he was the first person to photograph the moon.

The king of Portugal, himself an astronomer, knighted Mr. Rutherfurd but Americans then held titles in such disrepute for themselves that even a little girl might not use one playfully. "No, my dear, not Lady Rutherfurd but Aunt Margaret," both uncle and aunt told me.

The solar spectrum was his second field of observation. He once gave me a tinted piece of glass rather like a rainbow, to which he gave that name. He attended many European astronomical congresses; at one in Paris he received honors. He was the presiding officer of the Washington conference at which many nations finally agreed upon the common meridian of Greenwich. I remember his saying the delegates were kept in Washington for weeks in the summer heat because one South American country held on to the idea that being nearest to the equator a common meridian belonged in that country.

I once asked, "Uncle Lewis, how do you account for your being an astronomer?"

He answered, "I cannot. My family contained no one else with an aptitude for mathematics. Only in college did I learn that people counted on their fingers. I was surprised, supposing all children counted in their heads as I had done."

His grandfather from Scotland was a near relative of Sir Walter Scott's mother. Certainly the Rutherfurds in America kept to the Scottish Watty for Walter. Lord Byron picking up a Waverley among his books in Greece was heard saying, "Well, Watty, here we are." Lord Stirling and his Lady Kitty were relatives he often laughed over. Through his mother he was descended from Robert Morris. The mathematics of a national treasurer may have reappeared as astronomy.

A sister of his mother married a Peter Stuyvesant. They were childless and adopted little Margaret Chanler, a great-niece of Mr. Stuyvesant. Thence a marriage and the birth to the young people of a son called Rutherford Stuyvesant, the old people desiring the name reversed, an action which led to much family discord. As for his education, finding he grew too fast and needed a more bracing climate than New Jersey, the parents of Lewis Rutherford read the advertisement of an academy at Williamstown in Massachusetts, to which they dispatched the boy. Dismounting from the stage coach, he met a boy friend who was at Williams College and assumed that was Rutherford's destination.

"Don't bother with the Academy, come with me and meet our president." All entrance examinations were passed excepting one on Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, of which he had never heard and might take as a condition. A rather proud freshman wrote to his parents. Their reply was a severe rebuke. He had not carried out their instructions. He had been disobedient. Both shocked father and mother did not, however, remove their son from college. He stayed and was graduated.

FAMILY VISTA

An early marriage brought many children and a salon in both New York and the country. My aunt wanted her spare rooms filled with great informality.

I once asked, "With so many guests could Aunt Margaret help you with your astronomy?"

"Yes, indeed. Many and many a night your aunt stood handing me slides as I experimented with light."

They knew Daguerre, Audubon and those who began the geodetic surveys. Mr. Rutherford was on the first yacht cruise to reach Mount Desert from New York, and was on the Schuyler yacht in English waters which brought the International Cup to America. The son Rutherford Stuyvesant ranked as "a navigator" making government soundings off Newfoundland on his schooner yacht *The Palmer*.

They were a musical household, singing duets delightfully, taking their children to Philharmonic rehearsals Friday afternoons. My sisters remembered hearing Christine Neilson with them at 175 Second Avenue.

On one of those visits to New York an uncle in my mother's family interceded for me. Too busy to see me in the daytime, he requested that I bear him company at dinner, a very grand occasion for a very little girl. I found myself explaining to my aunt that I could not eat meat for supper. The French chef was summoned. He took my measure, announcing that a rice croquette was *comme il faut*. My uncle soon had me talking about all the nooks and crannies of his childhood home and about our own lives at beloved ROKEBY. When nurse-time was announced I could scarcely return to the world of my own dimension.

As the drawing-room door closed I said to the butler: "I want those footmen to stand on the steps and bow while I walk down to the carriage." The footmen were delighted. Unfortu-



ROKEBY THROUGH THE YEARS





ROKEBY THROUGH THE YEARS



ROKEBY

nately, on my return to ROKEBY my nurse told on me. My brothers of eight and nine suffered agonies of mortification. Then they took to bowing to me on stairways, and were soon copied by the younger three. Clearly, ROKEBY did not go for showing off, even in the dark.

One rule was adamant: a bore must shut up. I have since been told that we were formidable. A girl or boy invited to midday dinner at Newport would be terrified. Our humor was grim in every sense. Once an old lady took a fancy to me, not to my sisters. There must be something the matter with her, insisted the others. I dutifully reported the fact: the poor lady had cataracts on both eyes.

THE LADY IN THE GARDEN

Let me now recall to ROKEBY the spirit or genius of the place: the brown-eyed lady with small beautiful hands who was called to live in another woman's garden.

Family counsel brought a troublesome child from the garden to meet the lady in town. She looked into those eyes, which were both soft and sorry. She felt no further desire to be troublesome; only to take the lady back with her to the garden and keep her there.

Five boys and one other very little girl, half-Ireland, awaited them. Over the two nurseries presided an English nurse and a kind old freedwoman, two souls of equal faithfulness and determined ways.

1 1

My father's will was read. It contained a provision for guardians: aunts and uncles, a nephew and a niece, my mother's cousin and my father's kind friend Mrs. William Preston Griffen. Some declined the designation. W. W. Astor resigned after five years, saying, "All those children need is Miss Marshall." The young man probably did not realize what a support it was for the Lady in the Garden to have a united family encircling the children, visiting them, increasing their store of memories of their parents as they grew older, taking full responsibility for the long and tragic illness of Elizabeth.

Mrs. Griffen remarked, "Winthrop knew I would decline such a responsibility, so he never mentioned it. Now I must accept." The monthly meetings took place in her drawing-room,

THE LADY IN THE GARDEN

my two elder brothers becoming guardians as they came of age. Choosing the governesses, deciding on consultations in illnesses, journeys and any quandaries Miss Marshall submitted, made reason for the meetings.

Very much loved as individuals, great aunts, uncles, and cousins visited the garden, amused the children and told of their astonishment and admiration of the Lady who relieved them of all their cares.

The guardians had been much troubled until the Lady promised to continue her task. While waiting, they had discussed adoption. Aunt Laura Delano would take the two named for her parents. Uncle John Carey did not like boys, but would take the two girls left. The Stuyvesants selected three. Nobody volunteered for oldest or youngest; "Well, send them to me," said Aunt Margaret Rutherford.

Then the cloud blew away, for we were to remain together.

1 1

For many years in the home parlor the Lady taught Troublesome Child and her younger sister. Winter and summer they walked every day, sometimes to the wide river, the wilder brook; often to the cottages, calling on women and children of friendly manners, accompanied always by the many dogs who adored her. Had she not faced ferocious bloodhounds who raced to seize her, putting a hand on the head of each and meeting their astonished looks?

There were horses to drive, farm animals, children's pets: cats, rabbits, birds, goats, ponies. Animals played a large part in our lives. If a dog wanted in or out, it was I who must leave my lessons to humor him. One brother brought a beautiful setter named Shot; another a fierce white bulldog who nipped to death a litter of seven fox terrier pups. On our long Sunday

walks the entire equipage attended us. We carried puppies for miles.

Shot and Joby came to grips one evening in the home parlor. While I went for water to throw on them, Robert bit their tails — a sovereign remedy.

The stable was large. My father's beautiful trotters, The Birds, were sold, but The Indians remained to pull heavy rockaways. We had the customary single horses and ponies to ride. Farm and garden stuck to the picturesque oxen, broken as young steers. Robert trained one of them to the yoke, beginning by driving him in the snowdrifts.

Children brought up among dogs and horses are never really cruel. Chanlers always sat up with a sick dog.

Unlike horses, oxen are not credited with affection for humans. Nevertheless, one of them fancied my father. He would move to the farmyard gate on a Sunday as soon as we were in sight. The night before Winthrop Chanler died this ox managed to get out of the barn, moved up to the mansion, stood under my father's window and lowed pitifully. I saw and heard him, for my window was next my father's.

Outdoor life was ours. In riding or sailing we needed no professional coaching when competing at Newport or on Lake George.

The Lady took all accidents with great calm, just as she accepted other burdens. One of them was a lovely young girl, deceived into great love by a man she had thought unmarried. The Lady tried in vain to recall her reason to recovery. She sat silently by the fire while the children reflected upon the strangeness of real life.

"Miss Mary Armstrong stood lovely and strong at the foot of her bed one night," the Lady told us. Next morning

THE LADY IN THE GARDEN

the maid who came to light the fires said that it was reported she had died at dawn.

The two diamonds in mother's ring, lost in a dream, were equated with our own losses of two brothers. All families in those days accepted portents and miracles as in the scheme of things.

The Lady never talked of her Civil War experiences. Others told us how they as little girls coming up from the South were put beside the driver, "because Union soldiers would surely not attack children." We knew a handsome girl, obliged to spend the night in a country hotel during troop movements, who was terrified until she heard a Union officer giving orders to the innkeeper to give her the best room and have her guarded.

Two months of every spring were marked by the visit of the contemplative Mrs. Alexander Marshall, born in South Carolina in 1812, the daughter of an Englishman, educated in Bethlehem by the Moravians; this serene old lady had married our cousin when she was seventeen, remaining in Charleston with him through the war. During much of this period Dr. Marshall was the only Protestant clergyman in the city. She never spoke of her family's loss by war.

It would have taken more than war to disturb such peace. She haunted our library. She knew much astronomy. Her dress and cap seemed those of an order, but I doubt if even a frivolous shawl would have robbed her of the mantle of holiness that radiated from wherever she would be sitting. Why may not more old people allow the light to shine through?

I remember one afternoon a casual remark by someone: "Mrs. Marshall is quietly waiting for her Lord."

FAMILY VISTA

The Lady heard each child through a short Bible reading. This was in private, before breakfast. Family prayers followed later and were repeated at night. There were long drives to Sunday church and many hymns sung at evening. All the children had tuneful voices, several taking altos.

With all the family quiet on the day of rest went a real spirit of devotion. Sermons were discussed, opinions formed, freedom encouraged. "Your Grandmother Chanler heard a sermon one day against a popular book of devotion. On her way home she bought the book. The day had not come, she said, when the reading of a Winthrop is dictated by the clergy."

I often wondered whether weekenders today realize the Sunday spell that came over such a household as ours. There were meals to cook and beds to make, but early in the day all the servants were in their Sunday best. We were not allowed to pull a bell-rope except for firewood. Servants' time was their own; they were not on call. They received friends, they were sent to church, of course; horses were harnessed only for that purpose. Cows were milked, stock fed, but farm and garden hands were at liberty from Saturday dusk till Monday morning. This was so, we were told, because all souls were equal in the eyes of God, and Sunday belonged to God, not to rich people.

Our personal views did not quite square with this. We inclined to the opinion that rich people had saved the world. Our Irish friends upheld us in this viewpoint. These Irish neighbors were laborers who had blasted and dug the right of way of the New York Central Railroad, building cabins near the river shore, generally unmolested by the landowners. When the right of way was finished and the tracks were laid, the landowners employed them on their places and in New York. Our Madison Avenue servants' hall held a reception every Sunday. Women in enormous bonnets with black bows lined the walls,

THE LADY IN THE GARDEN

while the younger greenhorns taught me jogs and reels. I learned a lot about Erin before I was six.

"Sure, Katy will do well in any lady's kitchen, but Pat is still in the bogs." Their wages went up because a dollar a month in each servant's wages was an easy way to build St. Patrick's. Only a dozen years before, the archbishop had spoken from his house on Murray Hill, forbidding the draft riots. The Sixty-ninth Regiment was ordered uptown "to guard the Museum." This relieved lower Manhattan of much Irish fervor. Unlike the German immigrants, the Irish moved uptown with the white-collar folks. The rich were salvaging their dependent world.

Irish maids liked the country too, and they stayed contented, year in and year out. They supplied good humor and wit to our upbringing, along with sudden needs for hot scrimmages.

The dominating domestic influence, however, stemmed from an English nurse of commanding presence. A naval officer, whose child she once tended, said, "Here comes your nurse with her walk like an empress." A gentle old freedwoman, attached to our household while my father was in Congress, looked after the boys. Either of these could well hold her own against any half-dozen from "the bog," but Irish never know when they are beaten.

Tales told at their wakes took the place, I imagine, that is now held by the cinema and television. We had wakes at ROKEBY. Once a boy murdered in a family cabin was so honored through most of a winter's night. Next day we watched his funeral sleighs winding slowly up over the deep snow upon our fields.

Beyond the education from books, the teaching of tutors, and the mere training gained in ten children getting along together, I must emphasize the influence of those whom others

FAMILY VISTA

called servants and we knew as friends. These were they who found happiness in the inherited order of things, who remained into old age and trained those who came after them. Many came and went: some married, some were by nature wanderers, some were dismissed by their fellow employees. There was the perpetual need of skilful adjustments, of crises tided over, of common joys and sorrows. Some women were not able to keep their servants, just as they could not keep their friends. Fortunate homes were really schools of manners and culture, enriching the lives of those who lived intimately with their members.

The system prospered until the First World War brought rising wages, shorter hours, improved conditions, better equipment. When the nation's men went into uniform, women filled the offices they had left. Today, business still on the increase keeps women from home eight hours a day, five days a week. Providence has provided the sitter.

In my old age, a family of refugees has cared for my house, giving every cloud a silver lining.

/ /

The Lady joined in the games, gentle or violent, one a gruesome witch game. In the dim hall there was, "Still pond; no moving!"

There was dancing and cards. We early learned our whist: "Lead from a king and remember the small cards." Many a snowstorm found us at the whist table, while hot spells drove us to bezique upon the carpet. They taught us a wonderful discipline for high tempers, as good a school of manners as can be found.

Constant as sunshine through it all was the talk. Children running to tell her things, vignettes sketched like bits in a



THE LADY IN THE GARDEN
with one of the Chanler sisters

museum, facts and opinions to fight over, with weapons richly provided: *words*. How rarely must ten children have lived who were each prepared to deny what the other said, and tell the reason why! Challenges were flung to you, awake or asleep. Words poured out of you in defense. Very early the rule was established that there was to be no striking during quarrels. "Take it out in words" hurt nobody. I have seen a frenzied boy whirling around his head the long green baize contraption filled with shot, used to keep draughts off the floor. The rule was "no striking."

The Lady had known people who argued, but gently. Here were three boys, "The Prates," who never waited for the end of a sentence, because it never came. They caught up each other's arguments and wove them into their own like musicians catching and weaving harmonies. Three youngest children like them, bewildered but unceasingly eloquent; the Troublesome One always flitting with voice uplifted; never a moment in the house but one or more of these earnest, pleading creatures moving and talking, talking and moving, among themselves, to the nearest servant, the Lady who could, it seemed, understand many voices at once.

They had told her the mother had said, "There cannot be too many children. How could one have too many children when each is a child prepared for God?"

They lay the injunction, not the Garden or the Delectable Mountains overlooking it, not a greater share of worldly goods than were found in our farmhouses; nothing mattered but *religion*. That, alas, could only come through the stern discipline of character.

"Your nature," she said, "may lead you to be selfish, but it is high time your character showed itself in unselfishness." One squirmed at that, for who would not wish to be among

FAMILY VISTA

the older ones who obviously were acquiring character as they grew up? The entire garden was cultivated for character alone. All within were but gardeners. "Not so earnest about your own plot as about another's. One of your brothers said he was ashamed of you. Would you like to have that happen again?"

It was love the children lost when at fifty-one the Lady died of an operation, leaving them together with their garden, belonging to each other, encompassed by her belief in them. This was her first absence.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

For three winters there were French governesses who also taught piano. The first of these insisted that the housekeeper call her by her full high-sounding name — Colonna d'Istria. I have often wondered what anyone with such tastes made out of our worldless life. The second one had a child boarding near, and a deserting husband. Between the two we learned much about France and a surprising amount of their language. My brothers soon discovered that a challenge to argument would always cover up an unlearned grammar lesson. "*Charlemagne etait en effet allemand, n'est-ce pas?*" Yet, at eighty one of our French teachers returned with charming recollections and great admiration for our bringing up. For myself, I worked hard and these women gave me a great deal of their time and interest. They were not specialists, but educated in many subjects they taught from the viewpoint of central knowledge.

I felt sorry when I met subsequent generations too soon building fences around single subjects. Their interest in general reading had faded, their talk without reference beyond the moment. We had friends, dozens of books and history. Each of us knew what the other was thinking. Youngsters stood by absorbed while the older ones hotly debated the question: "Is knowledge really power?" Mr. Bostwick would come out of his silences to act as referee, and everyone had his say.

We were next counseled to study with a learned Englishwoman. She was very old, dating from the Oxford Movement;

had even seen Lord Macaulay. History and literature adorned ROKEBY that winter; but she wore a wig, and Robert complained that hairs fell into his soup.

1 1

Books, books, books. Did they not line the tower, twenty shelves high, many of their old bindings out of reach? Did not some of them obligingly come down to fill a room with people and marvels? Fairy stories and *The Little Duke* first, Waverleys and Marryats immediately after evening prayers, *The Arabian Nights* to paralyze dreams with horror. At length, Jane Austen, Rhoda Broughton, the novel of the day — memories of delight — Miss Ritchie's *Four Sibyls*, a *Life* of Carlyle. In summer holidays, Prescott, Macauley — in French, *Memoirs* of Victor Hugo. The children listened. Visiting cousins, the Lady's mother and sisters, were nightly readers with delicious voices, assuming that reading aloud was human nature's daily food.

Even a disconsolate widower was persuaded to stop looking at his wife's portrait and read straight through the long poem of *Rokeby*.

We all read to ourselves insatiably — poetry and prose.

I imagine we were the survival of the kind of family authors had in mind when they wrote: people ready to be influenced by volumes which had become part of life through conversation. Browning and Meredith stood ready "to be talked." I met someone who heard Meredith say to her mother, "Have I ever implied my personal sorrow in what I have published?" His neighbor had never heard of such a possibility. Meredith was the first novelist to treat women as fully responsible persons — women in general, not the favored few. Our generation knew them as well as they did Browning's "Men and Women."

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

When my brother explored Africa, he took with him Plutarch's *Lives* and two volumes of Browning.

Meanwhile we were growing up. Armstrong went through Columbia in three years. He was tutored during a short illness by Michael Pupin. This led to his sending Pupin to Cambridge in England, where he was graduated after having pursued his researches in physics at McCavandish Laboratory.

1 1

Between two children whose earliest memories include the other in their first night nursery, something akin to twinship is sure to grow. My "twin" was a brother a year older than I — my first authority. He told me there were bears under the bed, and made me dash past Dutch *armoires* downstairs which held their den. The gentlest of my mother's children, she would send up for him when a visitor asked to be shown one of the brood. Her laughing comment was: "Lewis really loses his time alone with me by being so polite and quiet."

I remember his marching me straight into the library, saying, "Papa, please do not send me anywhere with Margaret again; she only wants notice, and makes me ashamed." This at six. Lewis never went to school or college in America. His studies with Mr. Bostwick were beyond me. Marion above him and Robert below thought him bewildering. He studied much besides his lessons — anything that interested him. He bought dog books, specialized in American Indians, and browsed in the law.

In his early teens in the summer holiday he made up a case of arson over the supposed burning of a family barn out of which some suspicion grew. With neighbors' children we all took part: jury, witnesses, attorneys for prosecution and defense and Lewis as judge.

FAMILY VISTA

We were all equally fired by political campaigns, but Lewis alone trained himself classically, with pebbles in his mouth on lonely rides where he could vociferate to his heart's content.

He took real interest in religious devotion and discussion. Marion's death nearly killed him, for he at once developed peritonitis. Soon after his recovery he told me he would not follow Winty and Willie to Harvard, but would study law only and get to work. "They have such a reputation for sport I should be looked upon as a mug." He bought a sloop to sail on Lake George, however, played polo on Long Island, hunted in England and was elected president of the Cambridge Union — no mean honor for an American. His wife liked living in England, while he toured Ireland with the Redmonds, speaking for Home Rule.

Returning to New York, he took up criminal law. He did not believe in capital punishment. About his practice, he told me that if after enquiring into a case he thought the accused guilty, he would not defend him. Nor would he accept a fee if the defendant could not afford to employ reliable counsel. Under such conditions he had saved over a hundred men from execution. Retaining his impulsive ways, when a shivering discharged prisoner waited to thank him one winter day after he had won his acquittal, Lewis said, "Here, take my overcoat. You went to the Tombs in summertime. I'll take a quick way home."

There was as yet no criminal branch in the Legal Aid Society, and he became the bane of shyster lawyers battenning on wretched criminals. With Lewis Chanler on the defense, young district attorneys felt that they stood on their mettle. A prosecuting attorney has written of him as "astute, dramatic and sonorous."

Suddenly his drive slackened after a very severe case of

pneumonia. Without sulfa drugs in those days, the recovery was delayed and Lewis aged too soon.

He was quite psychic: on the anniversary of old Jane's death he heard her sweeping in the billiard room above him — the room in which she caught what she called her death cold. The dog sleeping at his feet became frightened. Many years later on another anniversary of her death a guest who had never heard of Jane said, "The person above me last night was very active."

On becoming of age, Lewis had married Alice Chamberlain of New York; her father had inherited a country place in Red Hook from General Van Ness, so their acquaintance began in childhood. They had three children, and his two sons have shared his distinction in public service.

ROKEBY politics flourished in the fall. Lewis Chanler ran for supervisor in the town of Red Hook. County conditions smacked of corruption; the sheriff's office was under sharp fire. The supervisors, whose board managed the County of Dutchess, were generally busy farmers who represented their towns at meeting at the county seat in the weeks of November and December.

It did not take long before my lawyer-brother ferreted out the source of speculation and placed the blame where it belonged. The taxpayers were grateful, reelecting him as long as he was willing to serve. He enjoyed this smaller field of action as much as any larger one in the years that followed.

I arranged always to be at ROKEBY for the evenings when he came back from Poughkeepsie. ROKEBY was still his, for he owned his share of it. He voted in Barrytown, though his weekends were with his wife and children in Tuxedo. The town vote was always counted in ROKEBY library.

During campaigns a good speaker must cover the whole

county, driven many scores of miles behind horses. Richard E. Connell, a Poughkeepsie lawyer running for reelection to Congress in 1910, told his wife one night, "Call me at six; I must go early across county." On calling him the next morning, his wife found he had died of exhaustion in the night. It was a year when a substitute had to be nominated at once, it being the last date when such a nomination could be made.

I spent a long evening at the Nelson House while the county committee considered Lewis and his rival, Mayor John A. Sague of Poughkeepsie. The mayor won the nomination, but lost his three counties, and the Republican candidate Edmund Platt was elected.

There were in all twelve political campaigns in which we worked: five for supervisor, four for assemblyman, one for sheriff, and one each for governor and lieutenant-governor. Three of my brothers took part in one way or other.

Edward Perkins, a very able Democratic manager and bank president, asked Lewis to run for the Assembly, thereby setting him in the way of being the governor's running mate. Having won election to that office, the state committee two years later secured his nomination for the governorship. This he lost to Charles Evans Hughes.

I saw President Franklin Roosevelt shortly after the death of my brother Lewis. Noticing my mourning, the President said, "You know, it was Lewis who solved our Sheehan problem. A Democratic senator from New York having died, we looked to Mr. Shepherd, so full of capacity and experience, to take his place. But Sheehan organized his forces and your brother came into my room in the Capitol one day and said, 'I am afraid we must give up Mr. Shepherd. I think we must find a highly thought of Roman Catholic to defeat him.' Taking



LEWIS CHANLER

delivering his acceptance speech at Rokeby in 1910
upon being notified of his nomination for Governor of New York



ROBERT W. CHANLER
A photograph taken in Milan



This photograph, surrounded by a color reproduction of an embossed wreath of flowers painted by Robert, appeared on the inside page of the 1907 *Sirius* excursion invitation

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

this suggestion, Judge O'Gorman was approached, accepted the nomination and went to the Senate."

William Chanler ran for Assembly and later for Congress from New York City. He had early sold his share of ROKEBY to his sister Elizabeth, and voted in Manhattan.

1 1

In the spring of 1910 my brother Robert farmed at ROKEBY, and decided later that he wanted a farm in the neighborhood. Our head gardener rapped at his door one morning, saying, "Mr. Robert, they want to nominate you for the Assembly."

"What the dickens is that?" answered the artist.

He soon found out, for he took the nomination, losing heavily in the election.

Election night was rainy. I went to Red Hook to wait for my brother. Boys outside gathered with piles of wood. Robert came out finally and said, "What's the matter, boys? Why don't you light your bonfire?"

"Oh, Mr. Chanler, we're all for you and you haven't won."

"That doesn't matter now; go ahead and have your fun, and make things bright."

This was his relation to the whole thing.

He ran three times, winning the third election. By then he was known to everyone in a wide radius; so the sheriff's candidature came, and he took it.

In those years he once hired a large dayboat and took all the children in Poughkeepsie down to see New York from the water. Most of his campaigns were run after he bought a farm which ran along the Post Road. In a fine field he made Chanler Park, with grandstand, baseball field, shooting range and track. He gave a corn feast there for 1000 people in three sittings. Tickets were red, white and blue.

FAMILY VISTA

Mrs. Richard Aldridge

YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO
BE THE GUEST OF

MR. ROBERT W. CHANLER,

ON AN

EXCURSION

ON THE

IRON STEAMER "SIRIUS"

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1907

LEAVING POUGHKEEPSIE AT

8 A. M.

During his campaign for sheriff he found John Mack. As soon as he was in office my brother gave Mack a county position, telling him to round up and clean out the chicken thieves who were well entrenched. He took Mr. Sague and other fine men into his organization.

Very early in running for office Robert Chanler made it understood that he would call off buying votes as soon as the Republicans agreed to do the same. This never happened. My annual contribution for many years were the large banners hung at the railroad stations with colored lithographs of the candidates.

His responsibility for what happened at the county headquarters is also a charming anecdote of his chivalry. On taking

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

up her duties a stenographer was told, "I cannot be accountable for the men of all sorts who come here. You are too young and too pretty to work here." The stenographer went elsewhere.

During the First World War his house on East Nineteenth Street was the New York recruiting headquarters for the Escadrille Lafayette in France.

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Robert Chanler's painting continued to receive recognition during his lifetime. A large canvas was early accepted by the Luxembourg in Paris. Since the Luxembourg was only for living artists, it must be elsewhere now. His screens can be seen at the Metropolitan Museum. His wonderful library on painting he left to The Cooper Institute. He is in the Hall of Fame.

1 1

My father's political vista contained three sons: the youngest, sheriff of Dutchess; the next, lieutenant-governor of New York; the eldest a member of Congress. All three went to the New York Assembly. I should not be included as he was not in favor of woman suffrage and my avocations in that kind of public spirit could not have had his sympathy.

Four of my brothers married young; at twenty-one, twenty-two and two at twenty-five. None of them married a woman who like my mother had a passion for her husband's career. I was ambitious for my brothers. I do not feel that any one of them entirely fulfilled his capacity. The wife who puts her husband first would accomplish much, especially with a young man. Political people in both New York and Washington remembered my mother's devotion and support. They would have been the same had my father been an artist, journalist or lawyer. The idle gentleman, the man who halted between professional hours and invitations, she must have de-

FAMILY VISTA

spised as I do. My disappointment in this family regard did not make for personal intimacies with my sisters-in-law; but their acceptance of my delight in their little children is something to remember with gratitude. Differing as they did, they all wanted my nieces and nephews to be with me. I was often invited to stay with the children while their parents were away.



My adventurous brother Winthrop once jumped through a glass door, delaying his entry into the room and arriving at the feet of his Congressman father. A good spanking followed, ending with some such remark as, "How could you think of doing it?" By way of answer the little boy jumped back through a second pane of glass. My first recollection of admiring anything was seeing him, about nine years old, jump a rivulet as he shot his arrow at a bird. The full picture has never left me.

A guardian wrote to him at Eton requesting his promise not to smoke until he reached a certain age. "I am sorry, but I must refuse. Papa told me never to make promises." After Eton came Harvard where his classmates liked him. But popularity he did not care for: "I soon had only two chairs in my room. One guest at a time is enough." Theodore Roosevelt was an early friend. Winthrop did some hunting out West, he traveled in Europe where he chalked up a record of three mouflons in Sardinia and he married in Italy as soon as he was graduated. Being in Rome when Mount Etna erupted, he was put in charge of American Relief for Messina.

His endurance was phenomenal. In Cuban waters many hours, when coming up for air made his head a target for the Spaniards, he was picked up after dark by our men in a small boat who heard the sounds of a few bars of "Yankee Doodle" being whistled and followed them to where he came up next.

The First World War found him with six or seven children, but off he went to GHQ with a staff position. The correspondent Gerald Morgan told me nobody could decide how to get across a river with the enemy entrenched above it, when Winthrop came in, saying, "I am just back from the other side." "How did you get there?" "On my teeth." He was already a sick man, but he fought illness, dropping it to be MFH at Geneseo, and then needing doctors again. Insisting on a ride, his last words were, "Let us have a canter." The horse dropped him, but he was already unconscious.

In 1886 my brother Winthrop became engaged to Margaret Terry, his mother's cousin. She had become a Roman Catholic and wished her wedding to be in one of the large and fashionable Roman churches. During the engagement my brother came home from Italy where he was advised to secure a copy of his baptismal certificate from our family church, St. Mark's on the Bowery. Our mother's diary records: "My son Winthrop baptized in St. Mark's on Advent Sunday, as was his father on another Advent Sunday."

We were both staying at Tranquillity with Uncle Lewis and Aunt Margaret Rutherford when a cable arrived: "Baptism entirely acceptable to curia."

The wedding took place a few weeks later. There is so much contumely over sectarian claims that it is always good to acknowledge a courtesy between churches. My brother's twenty-two years of Christianity was honored by the Vatican authorities and he was married by a cardinal.

Our next family wedding followed the succeeding year. I attended my brother Armstrong's marriage to Amelie Rives in Castle Hill, Cobham, Virginia. Like the old fairy story of the Sleeping Beauty, my brother seemed to her a Prince Charming bringing life to a world of dreams.

FAMILY VISTA

My fifth brother married late, after his capacities were recognized, but in any case Beatrice Ashley would always have furthered her husband's importance rather than her own. She retired from the stage on marrying and I never heard her refer to it. Her sympathy with me was based on my ambition for her husband, my brother William A. Chanler. I have often wondered which of the poets would have been captivated by Beatrice Chanler; it seems likely that both Keats and Poe would have enshrined her in their imaginations. To begin with, neither Keats nor Poe thought chastity negative. Her rectitude was what they wanted, and from its cool alabaster flowed the lovely ardors of her heart, expressed not only in affection but in dancing, singing, modeling and writing about queens long dead but to her immortal.

The sweep of her frenzies for whole populations in despair moved from focus to focus, much as she moved from art to art. There must be always something new. She worked through color, which is a changing medium, which is what Keats would have seized and fixed upon. Poe could have felt the strain of Celtic morbidity and written her Lament. Both would have realized that such a creature could never be an old woman; they would have invoked her dramatic end probably much earlier than it claimed her; poetic quality is a limiting thing, and one of its limitations is youthfulness. Only the files of record can state the self-sacrificing drive in which Mrs. Chanler worked and led others to work. The shortest night, the longest day were her approach, and charm brought a following in expanding circles from which personal devotion was largely eliminated. This she inspired but did not appear to enjoy. "Right for others but not for me" was her phrase in many situations. Both America and Europe brought priceless friendships, but the sun of her life seems to be that she gave far more than she accepted.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Lafayette's birthplace, the family château, is her living monument, now an endowed orphanage for tuberculous children.

An appropriate heaven would be

*Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light*

That light being their own sleepless and undeviating loyalty.

1 1

In 1888 my brother William, who had dropped out of Harvard on coming of age, went big-game hunting in East Africa. George Galvin of Barrytown went with him and left me these details:

They embarked by dhow from Mombasa with 120 in the company, the porters Swahili and Manyanna and a cannibal tribe from the Congo enslaved by Fippo Zib. From Mombasa they made side trips to Mandamas on the upper slope of Kilimanjaro and as far as Lake Jipa. Game was plentiful and there was no difficulty in feeding the caravan. Some seventeen species of game were mounted by Rowland Ward in London and presented by William to the Smithsonian. A beautiful specimen of *Chanler capricornus*, a reed buck, was later placed in the Museum of Natural History in New York.

William's game heads were supplemented by Lieutenant von Hohnel's valuable collection of butterflies and other insects. The latter was entrusted to an American who died, leaving the collection in confusion.

Following the game trails for water, they came on the grave of Sir Guy Downey, lately killed by a buffalo, to them the main danger in Africa. A large herd nearby was mean and vindictive,

quite appreciative of the sporting side of the venture. Rhino charged through the camp and lions stalked the zebra, packs of jackals following, often boldly enough to drive away the lions from their prey.

The success of this safari led to plans for a scientific exploration along the Tana River in 1892-94. The Lorian Swamp was to have been entered. Lieutenant von Hohnel of the Imperial Austrian Navy, who had accompanied Count Teleki in 1888, was a valuable assistant until he was gored by a charging rhinoceros. This brought the expedition to a rapid end, but Von Hohnel survived his wound, retiring as an admiral in 1899. Their surveys east of Mount Kenya were accepted by both British and Austrian Governments as original exploration. William is the only American explorer of Africa.

The London outfitter for the expedition was doubtful that young Mr. Chanler would meet all his payments. "You would be paid by the estate lawyers," Mr. Henry White told him, "if my cousin is killed."

Through Jungle and Desert was written at ROKEBY. Theodore Roosevelt urged its writing. Macmillan was the publisher in New York and in London in 1896. Harvard gave William an M.A. in 1895.

/ /

My sister Alida achieved the desire of so many women who married young — her golden wedding anniversary. Every time one occurs I think of the many who were denied such fulfillment of companionship in marriage which makes each golden wedding a widely shared symbol. Nine children and a devoted husband ever at her side are achievements given to few. The large and affectionate clan of Emmet have given old fashioned intimacy. I was glad to be able to write my admiration of her



WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER



ELIZABETH W. CHANLER

husband's mother, and when my only daughter married the son of the painter Ellen Emmet Rand pleasure came full circle.

Occasionally a human being appears whose smallest act is enjoyed, whose ways and words are hung upon, to whom everyone seems to feel related. Such was my parents' second daughter Elizabeth. While an infant her mother wrote of her: "The bud is so beautiful one wonders what the open flower is to be." Living with such a person was a unique experience. The throng of wondering admirers had to be accepted and dealt with. Where an invalid is concerned they could often be oppressive, but they were real and should be so considered. I never ceased to wonder at the fact that they never excited vanity or power in my sister. Her religious life was on a plane which made them all souls, not admirers. Other people have as many friendships but your born evangelist is like the miracle of loaves and fishes; everyone has been fed.

1 1

Three times in our childhood we suffered tragedy. My sister Elizabeth was brought back from England to lie in bed for two years with a hip disease. There followed many years of lameness with some spinal curvature. A dreary life threatened her, that she might not marry and have children.

In the same autumn of 1882 that this shadow lifted and she began to walk with crutches, the youngest child Egerton died from a tumor on the brain. We were told he could never have been well. When little Egerton died, Aunt Laura Delano came in and said, "His mother could not have loved him more than you have."

In the following February, Marion died at St. Paul's at the age of fourteen. He was named for General Francis Marion, from whose sister we were descended.

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Were we not all going to die? Lewis soon fell very ill. Marion's shadow was everywhere; he had always pervaded the family. Egerton and Alida, a year apart, had always lived like twins. She seemed ready to follow him. Fortunately, with the spring came a little cousin to shield her from the shadows. There were, finally, eight of us who grew up.

None of my five brothers who lived into manhood achieved old age. They began dying in 1927; the last to leave us had attained the age of seventy-two in 1941. All of them invalids, they could not enjoy the lives of children and grandchildren to a personal extent. Their ardent active temperaments were not designed for the eighties, and later on friends are dead and restrictions grow continuously stronger. I still miss them, but I am not without help from their various powers. I sometimes refer a decision to one of them and a new light dawns on it.

Our legal adviser husbanded the estate to much profit and befriended us in things big and little. We were not always considerate. Not only were cables sent with slight identification, someone's donkeys were consigned to the estate office in Exchange Place, a worldly relative sent thither a year's supply of cologne which arrived with the bishop and diocesan committee. One profound remark of regret Mr. Lewis Spencer Morris made to me in our early twenties: "Your brothers are fitted for unusual lives in all but one particular: I do not find that they choose well the persons surrounding them." The most extreme case may have been the office clerk who, while saying his son was named for Mr. Chanler, falsified the accounts.

To so numerous a family time brought divergences, departures, separations. These were sometimes of short duration; what seemed the most permanent resolved itself finally into an affectionate return without references to absence. I never

heard any of these changes mentioned, much less discussed. For me the principles of our family vista loomed larger with silence in the foreground than if they entered the confusions of opinion. As our generation grew into middle life many outside influences occurred to alter balance. As these did not come into my personal life I do not include them. I would be told of a decision and meet the situation accordingly, which does not make autobiography.

1 1

We had no sense of isolation. Many families remained on their places during the winter, and many relatives made visits of some duration. There came, too, the aunts and great-aunts, the beautiful cousins to tell us about balls and operas. The Charleston cousins of our own age seemed but extensions of ourselves.

Somewhere during those years came the fancy-dress ball given by Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt on moving into her new Fifth Avenue house. The two adjacent houses of her daughters occupied the block and all three expanded into one palace for the entertainment. The tale of the costumes rivaled those of "The Arabian Nights." Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, easily handsomest of the younger women, went as a peacock, all shimmering frontal and gorgeous tail. Little rustics though we were, our vote was against the visitor who told us, "I wore a material which would later look well on a handsome chair."

Our three months in Newport gave us the frivolity of a dancing class, with polo and lacrosse games for the brothers to watch. We had relatives there as well; were not two Wards and two Greenes governors of Rhode Island and our ancestors? Our father's laughter at the social pretenders and their vul-

FAMILY VISTA

garities taught us to resent some of the resort's grandess. For us Newport kept simple, with our sailboat picnics, and visits to the Glen and to distant beaches.

One tragic Newport note I recall. In the late seventies the Confederate General John B. Hood died of yellow fever on his Louisiana plantation. A grandmother addressed Northern papers, asking that his many children might be adopted before her approaching death. Among the respondents were three, all ignorant of the others, who had been Hood's classmates. Twin daughters of my own age came to Newport, changed their names, not to see brothers or sisters again. They looked happy enough, but Alida and I shrank together. Poor things! They had no Cousin Mary.

FAMILY ALBUM

*Come back, O days when children told my time!
Come back, O children with each beauteous face
A dream and its fulfillment brings our race.
How many lovers made the brows I rhyme?
What wealth of heart did nature here (with chimes
Or harmonies ancestral) interlace
'Til that was cancelled which did not bring trace
And hint of loveliness from mold sublime!*

*An eloquence is laid on rippling hair;
Great eyes live ever in the watcher's mind.
From jeweled smiles all is not left behind.
For me who dwelt with beauty 'twas the mood
Of deep romance through many an ancient pair
Touched and caressed my perished parents' brood.*

GROWING UP

GIRLHOOD IN EUROPE

IT WAS in my seventeenth year in 1887 that Cousin Mary Marshall's death after an operation brought my life at ROKEBY to a period. My sister Alida and I soon joined Elizabeth in London, where she had arranged that Mlle. de la Font should be our teacher and chaperone.

We were all lunching with our cousins the Henry Whites one day when young George Curzon good-naturedly made up an itinerary for us through Scotland: "I did this for my sisters last year. You will find it up to date."

Willie joined us, and we plodded for six weeks along the romantic Border. At my age it was easy to act as a walking guide to Scott's novels and Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. It was less exciting for my sisters. They grew excessively bored when wearisome pilgrimages ended in locked castles, as one did at Lock Leven because of a cattle fair. A drover sat down upon our tired-out Mademoiselle. At Braemar during a rainy spell unnecessary gloom was spread because one might not light a cigarette in our private sitting-room. The tea-maids would call Willie's attention to the prohibition, conspicuous on the wall. He found more liberty in Darkest Africa.

We settled down for a school winter in Bonchurch on the Isle of Wight, Alida and I following classes at Miss Sewell's school. A university extension lecturer introduced me to political economy, and Miss Elizabeth Sewell taught me logic, admitting me also to her class in history. Five of our cousins had already attended this homelike seminary where pupils

FAMILY VISTA

called their hostesses "Aunt." Here we knew members in the Oxford Movement, intimates of the Newman family whom they spoke of by first names. "Henry was forever fussing about authority." "We cannot all go through a door first, but there is no reason why those who follow shouldn't be equals." Their brother, Master of New College, was still living.

At Miss Sewell's, a famous judge came from India to see his relatives, one of whom, a niece, married the Queen's chaplain of Windsor.

1 1

My only recollection of public opinion during that winter is of an evening party where a new ballad was sung. It was long and the chorus ran:

*One man against ten thousand stood,
And he an Englishman.*

That a party should be given over to mourning for Chinese Gordon indicates how deep were their feelings of grief and anger. Omdurman a dozen years later made up for the loss.

The Henry Whites took all of us in for the holidays. I think it was on this visit at their place in Surrey that we left Mr. Henry James on the veranda when we walked to church, asking him to be sure to see that the handsome Gordon setter did not follow. We found Mr. James when we returned, but where was the dog? The Whites exploded the question, and we caught the answer: "An hour or more ago he bounded toward the woodland."

I caught my brothers looking at one another, and soon five Chanlers found a room in which they could debate Chanlerwise why anyone should talk in that peculiar way. Why not "He ran into the forest?"

GIRLHOOD IN EUROPE

During this winter Elizabeth was presented in the Queen's drawing-room. On her return to Bonchurch we heard about important statesmen, including a dinnertable *mot* by Arthur Balfour: "Every race has its day, the Irish will have theirs, and the Negroes theirs."

1 1

We had an Easter holiday at Taormina with Mrs. Balfour, followed by her usual numbers. The only time one youth spoke to me he suddenly remarked, "Why have you been talking in anapests all this morning?" I felt disturbed that I had been talking so much, but it may have been the day on which I was coming down with high fever — caught, Willie said, when I crossed a stream on a peasant's back hunting up dawn at the temple of Segesta. The hotel proprietor had his gun along.

"Didn't that show you there was danger?" asked my brother "April is not the season for snipe."

One did go a little *fey* in Sicily. In the first place, trains started at 5 A.M. Distances were pretty long. Salinunti, Girgenti, Syracuse — I made them all with Richenda Buxton, and then found myself left behind with German measles and a nurse sent down from Rome.

We spent May amid Holland's enchantments. In June I went with Mademoiselle to try the iron waters at Langenschwalbach in Wiesbaden. It was the first of three visits. Mrs. Archibald Balfour asked me one day where I should go for the "after course"; would we not all as a family join her own numerous flock in the Tyrol? The fifteen of us soon filled the whole inn at Oertz; and Edith Balfour (Dame Alfred Lyttelton) made up a cast for "The Merchant of Venice." An audience entirely Tyrolean enjoyed what to them was just a pantomime.

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The boys did their first climbing with guides. One day Christopher Balfour spun off down a glacier. Robert Chanler, who was the heavier, managed to steer on the crust till he got ahead of Christopher and could stop him. The guides were loud in their astonishment at the risk Robert had taken.

The two winters ensuing found the three sisters with Mademoiselle in Paris apartments, each working at her own designs. Elizabeth was painting, Alida following *cours*, while I took French history and worked hard at my piano. Month after month I listened to the long narrative of events without ever reaching the nineteenth century. Finally in the last hour we heard of one Napoleon, and finished off with 1890.

On my way out I stopped to ask of the lecturer, "But why all this in an hour?"

"Impossible autrement, mademoiselle, la Sorbonne recoit les enfants des parents Royalists, Bonapartists, on amis de la Republique."

So that was history in the country of Froissort: a mere recital at a furious pace of dates and names. The earlier lectures had been admirable, as were those I heard from Guizot on French literature.

But I missed the contact with teachers. I was too young to sift it all for myself in the foreign language and carry on the essential readings. Yet I was progressing in Spanish, for Mademoiselle was fresh from seven years in the family of the President of Costa Rica.

She was Royalist; for her Henri Cinq was a real existent. Her mother in penury, who could never bring herself to wear a darned stocking, said, "A de la Font could only teach far from France."

Fortunately she had the consolation of French religion, because the ladies of Costa Rica with whom she associated went

GIRLHOOD IN EUROPE

to confession only when a French priest came by. "The natives were too temperamental."

There was a story of jewels worn by a family madonna. How could they be useful? Why, they needed resetting and might *en voyage* be seen at European courts! We were living in Paris, not far from their *real* American colony, that of the innumerable South Americans whose sons were being educated in medicine and engineering. Enormous families they were, walking out together and chatting in noisy Spanish, sometimes a slow-moving phalanx. *Rostaquaires* they were called by those on whom they were expending so much fortune and respect.

Our own little American colony, that of Henry James and our Continental marriages, was mostly recruited from people recently rich, like the mother in Bret Harte's poem "Her Letter" who craved a social existence. They preferred being outsiders abroad to the eternal drive around the Park "continuing to look supernaturally grand." They began to come where they could watch the Empress Eugenie on her imperial progress, and continued the habit, substituting a Worthean sort of royalty in dress and fashion. General Sherman once said on entering the apartment of one whose husband was at work in New York: "I am now in the beautiful drawing-room of the most beautiful woman in beautiful Paris."

Such social exile appalled me. It seemed a form of insanity. At the house of our banker the hostess said to a departing guest: "Please go down by this stair; a duchess is coming up the front stair." She had learned that stairs should be empty for people of a certain rank, a rule which certainly added enormously to the effect of staircases. But why not have the sense and grace to say, "Wait a moment; watch that interesting woman coming up."

We were connected with a French family in La Rive

FAMILY VISTA

Gauche, who gave us glimpses of that survival. Twice I dined in their patriarchal way. The sons sat each next his own wife around the long table. Conversation was spasmodic. I admired the dress of one young woman. She replied, "I must dress beautifully when so many women are trying to take my husband by seduction."

We seemed equally fantastic to the French — three orphaned sisters in Paris with a governess, immersed in languages, music and painting. We were too busy most of the time for such engagements; or I might have kept a more charitable view of the scene which produced *The American and Madame de Tremes*.

My sister painted with Charles Augustus Columbus Lesare of Columbus, Ohio. His approach was Yankee enough. To a pupil who objected to his remarks about her shadows, he asked, "How would you paint a Negro in black velvet coming out of a cave?"

The girls he taught were mostly half-financed and half-starved. There was then no teaching of elementary drawing and painting in the States. Hundreds of talented girls and boys went to Paris before they knew enough to profit by what they tried to learn.

My brother Armstrong Chanler started art scholarships in several American cities; they carried the obligation to teach art for three years on returning home from study in Paris. (The first of countless benefactions, only last year these scholarships were announced in the New York press as being newly awarded.)

There was another side of the medal. I knew a rich American boy who got a classmate (later very well known) to touch up his canvas which thereby came to hang in the Salon. Uncle

continued to send the allowance and nephew continued to spend it at the races.

1 1

The Parisian theater favored the star certainly, but only as first among equals, not as in America first by contrast. Everyone acted well in the artistry of equality. Bernhardt demanded great talent and effectiveness from all her company. When she appeared as Sardon's "Witch" or as "Empress Theodora" her delicious voice ran like gold thread across old tapestries, giving me far more pleasure than in "Traviata" or other modern scenes. She personified the public, not the private scale of human values. Her nuances implied far more than the actual scene. As the Grecian empress she could not shatter the illusion thrown about what she was saying by giving a vulgar twist to her shoulder.

Count Charles de Montsaunin told us he remembered her in the days when she flitted along the boulevards, stopping at any little table where she could pick up five francs for reciting a poem. Now she had become not only the first actress of France but so good a business woman that she managed her own troupe train across the country.

The elder and younger Coquelin were then at their best. Was it any wonder that we thought Americans put up with a good deal that was amateur? Even at this day American patronage has done immensely more for music than for drama. The little theater, not the great actor, has won some support. Walter Hampden could never get money to pay for a first-rate cast to act with him. Orchestras are far more numerous than stock companies. Even San Francisco sandwiches occasional theater between the cinemas.

This is all the stranger when we note that our great college

FAMILY VISTA

groups are taught to be drama-conscious, and dozens of summer theaters eke out their seasons. An explanation often given is that patrons of music know what they are going to hear, and an eager public awaits it. Producers cannot continue their ventures on the same scale when every new play is a high gamble.

I heard a great deal of beautiful music in Paris from the orchestras of Colonne and Lamoureux and from many individual artists. But Paris' greatest gift to me was hearing Paderewski. A young and ghostly son of sorrow, he played in the small Salle Erard. The story went that his wife had recently died of starvation. Mastery of his instrument was already supreme. Tonal coloring concealed all mechanical effort. One thought neither of piano nor fingers. It was as though sunshine had been persuaded to enter the room.

1 1

The Parisian daily *Le Matin* was already owned by the two Varilla brothers who with their wives (sisters and Swiss Christians) became intimates of the Armstrong Chanlers, renting with them the Villa Pompadour at Fontainebleau. During the winter we saw much of them. Colette wrote for *Le Matin*; possibly not yet. Certainly the staid paper did not lend itself to ridiculing *la jeune fille*, the one contribution France has made toward family stability.

Married people of the day were constantly threatened by unfaithfulness, but the unmarried daughter lived on a pinnacle, passionately guarded by all her relatives. Probably her brothers were stirred by a Jeanne d'Arc image; certainly she was a modern savior of the French home.

What alien influence caused a French woman, herself a mother, to dethrone *la jeune fille* in her series of novels? Did

clever people like Colette envy the freedom given English and American girls? Certainly we were never introduced to a *jeune fille*. But then, we met no young Frenchmen either. Brothers and their friends passed through, warning us not to marry those long-haired chaps. Only through Zola's novel *Le Réve* did we in our two years' stay really cross the threshold of the French home and enter its private life.

1 1

We were at Bayreuth for "Parsifal," "Lohengrin" and "Meistersinger," with Richter as conductor. I enjoyed the New York performances rather more, because nothing was crowded on the Metropolitan stage and because voice and orchestra were equally well presented.

During one of my Schwalbach seasons the notorious Axel Munthe joined the Balfours, with whom he had stayed on a farm they owned in Sweden during a summer holiday. The hero of a terrible scourge of cholera in Naples, this young doctor had made himself famous in England by treating mental and nervous cases with curious methods. One of these was thought-transference. A day or so after he turned up, two women came to Schwalbach; the younger one led a dangerous looking dog in front of the Balfour party.

"That," said Munthe, "is a patient of mine and her mother. She is jealous of my friends. A symptom of her illness. The dog will not hurt anyone."

He again joined my friends in Rome following our month in Sicily. Elizabeth and I did not take to him. He pretended to know all about us — character, mind and spirit — but he got no notice. I bought his *Memories and Vagaries* when it was published in America by Dutton in 1930. My copy is from the eighth edition, which will give some idea of the attention he had created by then.

HOME AND MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

At last in July 1891 it was time to come home. Alida was eighteen and could come out. We had waited for that. A summer in Newport would make us some friends, so that when winter came we could live in New York where we belonged. Abroad, I had suffered from homesickness. Long winter visits with the kind Balfours in London and delightful incursions upon students at Cambridge's Trinity College had not reconciled me. I would be twenty-one, and beginning my real life in America.

There was only a short time at ROKEBY, steadily occupied by brothers and their families, before we were unpacking Paris wardrobes and watching a game of Newport polo. "I shall never forget you three wild birds crossing the Wetmore lawn," said Mrs. Henry Cram. We felt far from wild birds of passage, wearing our high-necked silk dresses at muggy afternoon receptions. In comfort, we chanted as we drove homeward in September to the Fall River boat. "Goodbye, proud world, we're going home!"

Much had been offered us at Newport in the way of enjoyment. We had rented the large Carey place, brothers staying with us in turn. Hospitality was general. But Newport for us had lost what glamor we could recall. Our great-aunt Mrs. Julia Ward Howe had a circle of ladies reviewing books of the day; our own contemporaries never said more than, "Yes, I've read it." Mr. George Bancroft no longer rode upon his constitutionals, the astronomer Lewis Rutherfurd had gone with Mr. Longfellow, and none took their places.

Not even a hundred years of family anecdotes made Newport come alive. The older folk prevailed and controlled—the men spending millions on international polo, tennis and yachting, the women on their homes, their dress and their parties. Extremes of fashion called for extremes in conduct. Grand entertainment called for numbers, and they came with a passport checked only for looks and cash. Certainly good looks prevailed; beauties from Baltimore to Maine brightened the scene with varied lights. But the women looked on most of the time, no matter how beautiful or well dressed. Newport was a man's sporting paradise.

The two hotels were criticized for antiquity, but not by Newport people. They preferred to fill their countless spare rooms with their own guests than to attract more people. The local greeting ran, "With whom are you staying?" Friends were rescued from Ocean House or Cliff House. Henry James wrote on a much later visit: "The waves at Newport chinked silver." Ostentation replaced muslin dresses and long walks, but Newport still strove to be private. Sight-staring omnibuses were plagues of the future.

One delightful memory of those days is that I never knew a young woman jealous of either of my sisters. On the contrary, their enjoyment of them equalled that of the men.

I could not describe Newport in the nineties without placing Ward McAllister, the genial impresario with the courtly manners and a great deal of social imagination. I remember a fashionable picnic of large dimensions at the beautiful Hazard place: "These people must know Newport's history. The place was made and the house built by a mysterious English exile who knew Governor Ward." There we were, gazing at the house and into the lake, hearing that the latest Mr. Hazard used one of his daughters as a medium, which led her to jump

FAMILY VISTA

into the lake one night. Mrs. Howe used to say, "The matter with that first cousin of mine is that I dropped him on his head when he was a baby, when I was, I suppose, three years old." As for his famous number for New York Society, it was a real estate detail. Mrs. William Astor knew a great many people to invite, but her ballroom limited her to four hundred. Room had to be reserved not only for the front of the house but for the gallery beside the ballroom in which we would dine. There was a fashionable ball given in New York much earlier to which five or six hundred were invited — but "Four Hundred" made Ward McAllister famous. His brother the Reverend Marion McAllister was the only clergyman who had his church kept lit, warm and open all night during the Great Blizzard — another kind of social service.

The Hydrangea

[written in Newport, 1891]

A blooming plant in wooden casings without which no piazza or garden is thought complete. To every stranger the hydrangea must seem a prominent feature in the decoration of Newport. Guarding gateways, blooming on doorsteps, it flanks geraniums with a haughty indifference to the fact that its colors are at variance with those of the old inhabitant, and acres of polished turf contribute to the setting off of this favorite of fashion.

Here is a blossom to which flower lovers have never given much thought. Less interesting, less delicate than most of the plants, it here brings something spectacular which does not need loving care. "Give me my footing on Bellevue Avenue," we

seem to hear, "and I will reward you. I will wear my tints with absolute daintiness."

Winds which tear down sweet peas find her ready to be buffeted without losing a petal. Fogs do not dispirit her, nor rain depress; on the other hand, Hydrangea is certainly a fairweather friend. She is not found in sickrooms, is rarely gathered to adorn vases, or carry messages in joy or sorrow.

We believe Hydrangea has no history beyond seas. She does not remind us of another age or country as do the tulip from Holland, the chrysanthemum from Japan. Literature has not immortalized her with the rose and violet, with the palm which in a certain land lived sighing for the pine tree. Hydrangea has no scent, perhaps from an innate tact, for scents are often spoil-sports and reminders; but she herself is a reminder of that beauty on whose path she attends: the Newport Belle.

1 1

Aunt Julia Ward Howe was our one treasure trove from Newport whose friendship we carried off with us. Then over seventy, she came to take us to our first great ball. We went on picnics in her own Oak Glen. She never hinted at her great learning, the daily escape into Greek and Hebrew.

Hearing that she attended an annual convention for women, always in a different state, I asked to be allowed to go with her to Memphis. The die was cast. I was to find my niche in women's organizations. The next fall, invited by Mrs. Howe to prepare it, I read a paper on *The Changing Type of Womanhood*.

1 1

241 Beacon St. to
Sunday Feb. 28th 1904.

Beloved Sister,

Perhold me commis-
sioned to ask that
you will kindly speak
to our Sr. E. Hannon
Club on the 1st Mon-
day in April, i.e. on
April 4th. I am very
to say that we can
only offer you fifteen

dollars. This of course can
be no inducement to
you, but if you would
take that opportunity
to make me a little
visit, I would try to ar-
range some pleasant
engagements for you.
I have had a very busy
season. Some months ago
today, I expected to
make a visit in Mas-
sachusetts. N. D. A friend

of mine, Mrs. Diverence of N. York,
Minn., has a house ~~there~~ this name,
and has invited me to visit her. On
serious reflection, I decided that it
was not best to go. It was hard to
make up our minds either way.

My dear Maud has gone to N. Y. for
a little visit. She is at 119 East 24th
Street. I expect my dear Emma on
Thursday next. March 1st for a visit
of perhaps two weeks. Rosalind is in
Cambridge, & is much better. Mrs
Wright (Wicks) dined here on Fri-
day last, with Miss Chamberlain,
daughter of Mr. Wright of that name.
Dear, dear, let me know at once when
you will speak for our Club on Apr.
4th. Always your affectionate
Aunt Julia.

FAMILY VISTA

The Association for the Advancement of Women, whose officers had been not only abolitionists but pioneers in the education of freedmen and freedwomen, visited the Hampton, Atlanta and Tuskegee institutions in 1891. They took with them thirty or more younger women from many states.

General Armstrong was still educating Negroes and Indians at Hampton. In class the Indians were slowly translating, thinking in their tribal languages. Teaching was difficult.

In Atlanta white teachers gave me emphatic testimony of the value they found in the minds of their pupils and in their character. Of course their students had been selected for these very qualities, but even so I was surprised at the willingness of these teachers to live ostracized in a far-off community, teaching Negro rather than white men and women.

Tuskegee was most interesting of the three. We stayed with the Booker Washingtons. The entire staff was Negro. Our full program taught us that General Armstrong's experiments at Hampton could be extended here, far from the conditions prevailing in Northern cities.

Booker Washington was disturbed when anyone expressed approval of mulattoes. He wished his race to be integral, entire, as soon as possible. He felt this was the only way to prove its equality. He was the orator when Colonel Robert Shaw's monument honoring Negro Civil War soldiers was unveiled. I never heard a more magnificent speech. Every sentence told. Having seen him so humble and so unassuming among his staff in Tuskegee, I felt that the lifting of this citizen from the world of slavery had freed a great mind.

Many years later he lunched at ROKEBY, following an engagement to preach in Red Hook. He spoke of Theodore Roosevelt's invitation to him to lunch at the White House: "I would never have accepted President Roosevelt's invitation

to lunch at the White House if I had foreseen the clamor it would raise. I had some serious points to discuss with the President, and thought nothing about the appointment he gave me. I greatly regret the incident."

Ten years later I was with Mrs. Hobson, an officer of the Slater Fund for Domestic Education Among Negroes, inspecting Virginia schools. This world of hers seemed a better place than that of a friend of mine who was told during slavery she would never be invited South again because she had been found teaching the maid assigned to her how to read the Bible. Her reaction had been to give herself to teaching Negroes during the Reconstruction when the only other white women so employed near her were imported prostitutes. This naturally meant years of loneliness for her, Elizabeth Hyde Bethune.

I went again with Mrs. Howe in the following September, this time to Memphis and Knoxville. Great emphasis had been made by the hostesses to a Northern convention that the war must be forgotten. This in 1892, a quarter-century away. The Northerners did not even notice that blue and gray ribbands were twined on the staircase. Girls from the finest school gave a pantomime of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, in compliment to Mrs. Howe, and she was invited to preach in the largest Memphis Presbyterian Church. Like all her public speaking, beautiful thought was beautifully delivered.

I suppose the Greek and Hebrew she read in resting hours refined and clarified her style; it was all very simple and perfect. Our rooms generally adjoined, and I remembered hearing:

*My safety pin, my safety pin,
To lose you was a grievous sin;
I'd rather have you, stuck awry,
Than all my hostess' poetry.*

FAMILY VISTA

The Memphis convention was succeeded the next year by one at the Chicago World's Fair and Exposition. I went with Mrs. Howe when she spoke for the Unitarian Church at the Congress of Religions. It was the first such conference ever held, and very imposing. On the midway a barker was shouting, "Go to the Congress of Religions and hear Julia Ward Howe knock the heathen into a cocked hat!" Mrs. Howe passing in her wheelchair did not miss that one.

The valiant old ladies and those of middle life were most kind to the younger speakers. There could not have been much for them in my thoughts on the changing type of womanhood. But Lucy Stone's daughter told me I had a new argument for the suffrage: I pointed out that in villages the church women influenced all improvements, such as pavements near church property. Mrs. Wolcott and Mrs. Cheney, who had labored so long to make an advance in New England justice and liberality, made such a way of life absorbingly attractive, and the conventions did influence Southern and Western women. Recently a dean at a woman's college remembered them as her own starting point.

We touched another aspect of things Southern. One afternoon in Memphis a landau drew up bearing a young couple who had come to show the sights to my sister and me. They were plainly amused as I asked how many men a really nice girl could be engaged to at one time. They settled down to think it out, and decided that five was the largest number they had known, and that "Hattie certainly had tact." Apparently such encouragement before marriage did not prevent absolute seclusion when the final suitor became a hard-working husband with a domestic wife.

1 1

I have been rereading Mrs. Howe's book of reminiscences and find that her reading of philosophers was a constant practice, with evident dependence upon them as well as upon her religious devotions which never declined under any pressures.

This fundamental knowledge gave much to her delightful papers read at countless meetings, but never entered her conversation or gave her attitude anything of the blue-stocking. Charm and eager interest in the person speaking to her prevailed. Her manners were the essence of repose with rare aptness when something unusual was required.

At a golden wedding celebration husband or wife broke down in returning thanks. Mrs. Howe interposed: "We are reminded that speech is silver, silence is golden."

When Paderewski was brought to see Mrs. Howe, who had not studied his language, her first words to him were in Polish: "My mother." He seized her hands and kissed them.

As a delegate from America to the English Prison Reform Meeting in 1872, the memory of something both English and grotesque came to her. Asked to speak following a demand for the continuation of flogging in prisons, Mrs. Howe said, "It is related of the famous Beau Brummel that a gentleman who called upon him one morning met a valet with a tray of disordered neckcloths. 'What are these?' asked the visitor, and the servant replied, 'These are our failures.' When I see the dark coach which in our country carries the criminal to his place of detention, I say, 'Society, here are your failures.' " Her words were loudly applauded and the punishment was voted down.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson says of her *Changes in Society*, "It would be hard to find a book in American literature better worth reprinting and distributing. In wisdom and in anecdote I know few books so racy."

There is the same degree of respect for a talk by Mrs. Howe when Wendell Phillips followed her on the platform: "He said I had taken up all the points on which he intended to dwell."

At the Concord School of Philosophy Dr. Sanburn thought her "the most attractive and sometimes the most profound of the lecturers."

Her vivid enjoyment of travel caused Mrs. Howe to found something very original: The Woman's Rest Tours Association. It was estimated that two hundred and fifty dollars could give a woman a summer's enjoyment in Europe. This pleasure has been continued, countless teachers from many states seeing Europe and blessing Mrs. Howe, as well as women whose travel brings no blessing to others.

Mrs. Howe was urged to ask for an interview with Queen Victoria to plead the suffering of Christian Armenians at the hands of Mohammedan Turks. At one time she said to me, "I think I can go if you will accompany me." I felt sure there would be a blank refusal, as English policy was involved. Mrs. Howe never went on that errand, but she did persuade President Theodore Roosevelt to send someone to investigate this problem and such an investigation prevented another massacre.

It is hard for this generation to see the connection between women's clubs and pioneering. I felt it, traveling several times with the Association for the Advancement of Women. Mrs. Howe sought to give the pioneering quality even at the mid-winter meetings in the older cities, where organizations were visited and progress noted. There must always come something new. She would say sometimes, "I must pioneer, I have it in my blood." There was response. A very valuable college dean told me thirty years later, "After attending one of the

HOME AND MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

meetings I saw myself reaching a Northern college from the far South, and here I now am."

People remembered details about Mrs. Howe. In Tennessee someone who had met her in Kentucky recalled, "We came out of the caves, a seven-mile walk, dropping from fatigue, and made for our rooms." Mrs. Howe told us she took up her Hebrew reading on reaching hers.

NEW YORK IN THE NINETIES

My brother Winthrop and his wife had brought their family of three children to New York in 1891 and invited the three sisters to share a rented house near them. We began to feel at home in the city, and took a house for ourselves in the following year. Alida was the busy debutante, Elizabeth attended the academy every morning for drawing. My piano occupied my time, with the committee work which the first winter had brought me.

The winter of 1891 had been terribly hard for the poor. Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell filled lofts with carpet rags and urged her daughter and her nieces the Minturns to invite their friends to run emergency workrooms for women. No salaried professional was needed. My next assignment came from Mrs. Lydig Hoyt who made me a director of The House of Refuge on Randalls Island. This gave me my introduction to municipal affairs, trained me under ladies who had served in the great Sanitary Commission of the Civil War and firmly established my belief in the responsibilities of taxpayers. I have lived to see the non-professional under the approbative title of volunteer only tolerated by the professional worker, except as a money-beggar. This seems rather ungracious, for the profession was built up by the non-professional. Sometimes the superior attitude seems to stem from colleges and their theoretical outlook. A lifetime of experience is rated nothing in comparison with some sacred initial letters. As a consequence, a very considerable body of important experience

has been lost by ignorance of what the older women have accomplished. There has been a sizable gap in practice.

Of course we beginners learned much from talented professional women, but in those days experimental work went on with less opposition when unpaid volunteers undertook it. The professionals had to consider their somewhat tentative standing in a new profession. Fortunately for me, I worked with committees where older women did not hesitate to train the young.

In those days I knew no girls at leisure who did not give several mornings a week to philanthropies. Most of them were in church work, at Sunday school, with "Girls' Friendly Groups" in the evenings, or in hospital work. Those who had no special talents undertook easier activities, such as reading to the sick, blind or aged.

Church attendance was universally assumed. I had expected to return to the family pew in St. Mark's, but the rector being very ancient, my sisters chose to sit under Dr. Rainsford at St. George's on Stuyvesant Square. It was nearer, a large, thronged church where we listened to impassioned pleas for social justice. One Sunday, after describing the inequitable conditions in the medieval castle, with hordes of serfs and retainers living below stairs like cattle, Dr. Rainsford said, "None of you would consent to live in such a castle. Above and below have changed, it is true. But to right and left you all live still in such inequality. Go into the tenement districts tomorrow and realize it."

1 1

During the winter of 1894 I dined with friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Choate. My host asked me, "What do you think about woman suffrage?"

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I replied that being a taxpayer it seemed to me reasonable.

"Well," said Mr. Choate, "I am to preside at the coming state convention to revise the New York Constitution. Women have been announced as coming from all parts of the state to Albany to urge their enfranchisement. I do not hear of any from New York City. I now invite you to speak before the convention."

This was an order. I went to Boston to consult with Mrs. Howe. My aunt was loath to be the one to lead me into so radical a path.

"You had better, my dear, go to Washington for the suffrage convention. There you will meet women from all over the country. There you will study suffrage at first hand."

I went at her bidding and heard many views. I returned to look up leading New York women who were opposed to suffrage. Nothing they told me seemed of much importance.

The suffrage cause in New York City had fallen into the hands of poor organizers, but as convention time approached several important women did come forward. The first parlor meeting at which I spoke was held at Mrs. Edward Curtis' house. I debated in Mrs. Robert Minturn's drawing-room with the editor of *The Nation*. Dr. Putnam Jacobi, leading woman physician, shared with me the program at Mrs. Charles Russell's. Petitions were put up at Sherry's and elsewhere for women to sign for their vote. The clergy was interested, one generation against the other: rectors against it, curates for it.

Mr. Choate announced an early hearing in Albany. At the station we were met by Miss Susan B. Anthony. I asked her: "Give me a piece of advice, I am only a beginner."

"Yes," said the veteran, "I will. Always address the far-

thest man on the farthest bench. Some of those in between are agreeing with you."

We of New York City had made the unpardonable error of not consulting the ladies of Albany. We had never invited them to our debates, nor considered them our hosts when we went to Albany. Led by Mrs. J.V.L. Pruyn, they lined up against us. During the summer they managed to nullify our own well-planned representation, for they were on the spot.

I went up more than once, staying with the William Church Osborns, who were both suffragists, and he a delegate to the convention. Most of the women from across the state were teachers or taxpaying widows. Business women were a negligible fraction; they scarcely existed.

When the vote was taken we found that we had made enormous progress since 1887, when our champion had been George William Curtis. Then we had had no vote to speak of. Now we won a goodly minority, though the majority was still formidable.

From 1894 to 1920 came the long pull of a quarter of a century. The anti-suffragists at first remained indifferent and inert, all the more dangerous. We wrecked ourselves in their shallows. The first thing to do was to chart them on the political map. We had to get them to oppose us. Until they did so, I spent much of the time allotted to me telling what the "anti's" believed.

They came to have a very able body, led by the daughters of Mayor Abram S. Hewitt and chaired by Judge Scott's wife. They were women proclaiming the limitations of women, and of course were at a disadvantage. The stronger their arguments the more they proved that they were fit to exercise the vote. Nevertheless, they delayed us many years, but on the



The caption of this cartoon from a Poughkeepsie newspaper in December 1913 is entitled "Tagged!" and noted that the Pomona Grange had unanimously passed a resolution favoring woman suffrage presented by Mrs. M. C. Aldrich.

other hand they succeeded in educating a generation of indifferent women to take a political stand. We owed them much.

We were handicapped also by the absence of women in business offices. In the nineties no women were in business. Mr. Abram Hewitt told a friend's daughter: "You must call on me uptown; a lady should not enter a man's office, even for charity."

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt told me that when the death of her first husband obliged her to go to a lawyer's office in San Francisco, she had found it a very trying experience to be the only woman in the district.

Our incomes were deposited in banks; where they came from most of us never knew. The first conference between capital and labor in America was called by Bishop Henry C. Potter. It was during a strike, and he asked a Roman Catholic prelate and a rabbi to share his responsibility. Such occasions opened vistas.

When the Consumers' League was founded, very few knew what a consumer was. "Customers' League" would have been better understood. We were all customers. This, of course, was an Old World legacy, dividing people by a shop counter. Any levity on the subject was not thought amusing.

The graduates of women's colleges were still pretty oblivious of industrial responsibility. The first professorship in economics was established in 1890. Mr. Herbert Parsons brought Professor William Graham Sumner to New York from Yale. He gave a number of enlightening talks in the John E. Parsons house. I remember too a Unitarian clergyman from Boston, Dr. John Graham Brooks, who was so horrified by this lag in the American mind that he resigned from his ministry to break through this crust, and lectured from the parlor chair instead of preaching. Well known and much re-

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spected, he must have reached hundreds of the private schools for girls too.

Working girls' clubs were soon started, and the day even came when Miss Anne Morgan, Mr. Pierpont Morgan's daughter, joined the pickets in a garment-workers' strike. "Working girls" became "news."

A young reporter on a New York daily paper walked in on the club run by Miss Florence Bayard Lockwood. With his hat on, and his hands in his pockets, he lounged about until she explained to him that he was defeating the purpose of the meeting by such conduct. When he started an argument, she said, "Come and see me at my parents' on Irving Place."

Thus began the introduction of Richard Harding Davis to the social scene of New York. The incident gave him a plot for a short story. He was soon entranced by the city. His own parents were good people of Philadelphia, but he had chosen a blunt and indistinct way of talking which soon gave way to good diction when he used his blithe tenor in such charming songs as "Old Donahue of the Square." His short stories and articles about New York of the nineties are a good picture of the time and the social circle.

1 1

The ambition of hospitality is comprised in *salon*. New York's contribution to the word came in the drawing-rooms of the Richard Watson Gilders, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer and Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt. For decades the Gilders were "at home" on Friday evenings. Their welcome was an institution; they never needed to invite anyone. Mrs. Van Rensselaer had a preference for "occasions," such as my debate with the Reverend (and controversial) Percy Grant on our then current occupation of the Philippines. It was unfair to him.

While there as Bishop Potter's chaplain, he had had no chance to see the Filipinos at home.

In great contrast to these modest brownstone parlors was Mayor Hewitt's mansion, filled with rare antiques collected by his daughters. They had promoted the important museum at Cooper Union.

The luncheons, dinners and evenings brought together an enormous selection of New Yorkers, with people bearing letters of introduction to join them. The occasions were so numerous that there was little crowding. But no one who did not come was missed, so pleasant was the atmosphere.

The second Mrs. Vanderbilt did something of infinite importance for New York. Her daughters Mrs. Sloane and Mrs. Webb were remarkable hostesses, their guests often European, and Mrs. Sloane mastered every detail in the building of her hospital for women. A great business head, Mr. Henry White said. All four daughters brought up their children on the Kissam level, where religion and character came first. The Kissams were clergymen in the Dutch Reformed Church for several generations and the scruples of conscience were instilled in the descendants. One cannot buy a horse and not mention the price in the family; I remember this happening at ROKEBY and one of the granddaughters remarked, "Are you mentioning a price? Grandmother Vanderbilt has forbidden that. We never do it." Cornelius Vanderbilt was, of course, respected and admired by all the New York men of his time who followed his many public-spirited activities, such as being one of the builders of the Episcopal cathedral. The Kissam came out strongly in him.

Weekly afternoons-at-home faded out with the coming of bridge. I missed very much the easy contact with "other people's people" that I had hitherto enjoyed. No other device for

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broadening acquaintance has been found to work. In the three houses I have named, introductions from many other social areas and levels gave variety to each gathering. Nothing of it came under the purview of social reporting, as did the formal entertaining. The drawing-room was sacredly private.

Older people remained much longer in social life. This sometimes brought surprises when visiting them: "Sitting in the window, my grandmother received my husband's head in her lap." Or two old ladies discussing the revolution in Martinique.

Large subscription dances, such as the Knickerbocker, were well under way before Stanford White and Richard Hunt mansions provided their ample private ballrooms. Dinners before dances were given, and many came to dances *en veine*.

Formal figures of the cotillion built perfect settings for good looks and graceful movement, and for the display of dress and jewels. So too did the long sweep of the classic waltz. For several winters we sisters enjoyed to the full our share of these. For one or the other of us there was also the pleasant visits in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond and Charleston.

Of these, Boston was perhaps most delightful. I went there every winter, staying with my aunt Mrs. Howe and her daughter Mrs. Maud Elliott. They touched many circles: There were Mrs. Jack Gardiner, Mrs. Whitman, college professors, suffragists, musicians. Here we enjoyed many "unfashionable" supper parties. Boston liked much early calling from eight to ten, without any special invitation, to make up a group for music or an argument. They never left in me the impression of stuffiness.

Santayana has been very unfair to Boston, where in those nineties he must have been a frequent guest. Dull people find one another; clever people find clever ones. Santayana did not

choose to describe, as he should have done, Mrs. Charles Fairchild or Martin Loeffler. They could never have bored him.

Herself a child of Concord, Mrs. Fairchild as a girl had taken walks with Emerson. She employed her own scholarship translating German literature; her hospitality made an habitué of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Martin Loeffler was not only a master of the art of conversation. A foreigner, he had been a court musician. He played in the Boston Symphony, and later composed with great distinction.

Famous transients were much prized in Boston. Vivekananda, a swami to whom I listened, made a place for himself somewhat complacently, it seemed to me. At a large party he was drawn out, and very happily, until from the corner of a sofa came the contradictory in the matchless voice of Mrs. Howe. They disputed until a young man murmured to Miss Satty Fairchild, "There now. The heathen is completely downed by our own Unitarian Joss."

1 1

Our town house at 317 West 74th Street was delightfully planned for entertaining two dozen people. Twelve for dinner and a "tail" afterwards. The drawing-room was about 28 by 14, slightly bowed, hung with gobelins, not high ceilinged, and leading to the foyer where the men might smoke in front of large logs. The dining room beyond was narrower as the pantry took off some six feet. I arranged the drawing-room for three groups, keeping strangers or shy people in mind to begin with. I generally entertained twice a month, not often in the evenings on account of my husband's profession, but constantly for luncheons or afternoons.

One morning I received a note from my brother-in-law

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Jack Chapman. His adjectives about people he met the night before were startling. "When Elizabeth and I looked at the guests we were being introduced to we each wished we had stayed home. You know best. Pleasure is catching; everyone was delighted, enveloping each other with enjoyment."

Sometimes a guest surprised us. I recited a sonnet all in words of one syllable to three ladies one evening while the four men smoked outside. When they joined us, the Scottish composer and pianist Mr. Tovey recited the sonnet perfectly to me. Later I asked my husband whether Tovey had been silent in the foyer. He said that on the contrary he talked all the time.

The Chapman guests sometimes surprised me. One morning their maid telephoned: "The English guests expected tomorrow have arrived for lunch. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman are out, can you take them?" I said, "Yes," and they came. I found they were the Bertrand Russells.

*VALE TO 317 WEST 74TH STREET**

I am very sad, of course, for the closing of 317; it was a long happy chapter for me. Great pieces of whole winters when I seemed to live chiefly with you and Uncle Dick, these periods crowded with delightful dinner parties and musical evenings.

You and I had Myra Hess all to ourselves one day at lunch, and of course she played for you after lunch, as I remember, most of the programme she was about to play at a concert to which you could not go.

Then there was the evening with you and Uncle

* From a letter, October 1952, written to me by my niece Hester Emmet La Farge.

Dick, Enesco, Bancel and me. Enesco got thinking about the Ninth Symphony, so he went to the piano and played an improvised adaptation complete from beginning to end, remembering the harmonies as one who had both played the symphony as a member of an orchestra and conducted it many times.

I am also thinking of the incredible family gatherings during the war enriched by just the right outsiders and finally, very precious to me during all those grown-up visits, breakfast in your room on a tray, when one had spent the night, Uncle Dick joining us for his breakfast before a cheerful wood fire.

I know my children have each glamorous vignetted pictures of their various visits to you in that house.

✓ ✓

How can I write adequately about John Jay Chapman, for over thirty years the strongest intellectual intimacy of my life? He offered something to everyone with whom he spoke. One never felt admired by him. I believe he had been thought conceited about his music, playing while he had two hands, but musicians were always glad to talk with him about music, as were actors about their acting, writers about their writing, and so on.

His was a provocative mind. People were pleased with what he had aroused them to say. Fortunately, he depended much on reading aloud, the greatest relief from sustained clever conversation, which I never heard him interrupt to express an idea. That came when the reading was over, or the next day.

He wanted his published works criticized in conversation by his clever friends. There was much of this about both

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Stevenson and Whitman, in which I never took part. Personally, I thought that he was jealous of Stevenson until I discovered how badly the good son lived when he got to London. Chapman must have been deeply disappointed in the ethical breakdown. He thought it unsafe for American culture to make a hero out of a dissipated young man.

On making friends with them we found Jack and Minna Chapman were people with Faith. Phillips Brooks who married them was often mentioned by Minna. Later, Mr. Chapman's religious life was tremendously developed by my sister. They both came to believe in the spiritual power which overcomes illness as well as temptation to sin. I can think of people whom they helped. My sister would even improve an epileptic girl, to the immense comfort of her family. This side of religion was a merciful occupation after his third and final breakdown in 1901. It never ceased, and was helped, of course, by others like them, such as the Miss Martin who went to Coatesville with Jack Chapman, and a famous Mrs. Hopkins who left Christian Science for Unity.

This spiritual power never caused him to cease attending service in a small country parish church. I never heard him say that the sermon bored him. His dislike of Kipling made him stop going to a neighboring church in New York, because "The Recessional" was sung. He immediately found another church when Sunday morning came.

I used to wish that he might enjoy some of the fiction and poetry written in his time, but I knew better than to suggest it. I wanted our intimacy never to interfere with his sense of absolute freedom, and so long as he delighted in biographies and such historians as Rhodes, who was much read aloud while the volumes were coming out, why comment?

His grandmother Chapman, the abolitionist, was a source

of great pride to him. He had known her, for she lived until he was in Harvard. His grandfather John Jay also lived long enough to have restrained his boyish approaches to reason and public life. In listening to him one seemed to glimpse an influence of that sort. He would have to stop and be reasonable.

My brothers, his brothers-in-law, enjoyed him without stint. To begin with, he made their beloved sister so happy. Then his enjoyment of large families and of children made him a real relation to the quantities of nieces and nephews. I dare say what he liked best in me was my equation with little people.

May 1933

I love London. We went and had tea at Kensington Gardens yesterday afternoon, and really you-know talk about the Elysian Fields, these are they — the apotheosis of Democracy and the simple life.

Common people moving about, getting their own trays of buns and tea, resorting to a small table with quietude, and the whole scene a dream of lawns, trees, lakes, vistas, children. There's nothing I know that comes up to it anywhere in the world. What we need for home consumption now is a long quiet familiar old English novel — Dickens perhaps — I rather think *The Tale of Two Cities*, which has an exaltation of its own.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

ROKEBY IN THE NINETIES

We left town early for ROKEBY, and stayed late; but generally we went abroad for two months, one in Switzerland with our widowed aunt Mrs. Franklin Delano, the other in Scotland with the Balfours, whose shootings showed me Braemar, the beautiful west coast, and Sutherlandshire. We have never been far from hill or sea.

In three things ROKEBY abounded to excess: politics, nurseries full of children and house parties. Always there would be half-a-dozen little nieces and nephews on the third floor, ten servants eating in the kitchen, and as many or more guests in the dining room. And — such was Victorian propriety, with perfect decorum, decency and deference — one bathroom.

Guests knew they would be gifted with delicious singing, long walks, hospitality from neighbors and Democratic rallies in the fall. One evening a nurse newly-arrived was told that the cheers from below-stairs came "because my Uncle Lewis is boss in this county and my Uncle Willie is the boss of New York."

My sisters had charming voices, mezzo-sopranos both. Either could take an alto to any air. I accompanied them on the piano. Elizabeth could sing to her own guitar. We knew a hundred and twenty-five songs from many countries and periods; I remember listing them once when kept in my cabin during a stormy Atlantic passage. Singing was so much a part of our daily round that we could never understand why those of our friends who had really studied singing, some with Jean de

Reszke, never wanted to sing. Mme. Viardot, the last of the famous Garcias, was Elizabeth's teacher; she taught her to *sing*, not to bother about breathing, "production" or the host of other problems. As one of his pupils assured me, De Reszke taught with great dramatic pose and position — not of any use in informal song.

House music seems to me a most delightful way of life; like reading aloud, it is now out of fashion. Our present relation to sound has taken on so much which is strident. None of the other arts, I may add, is exactly gentle in its approach. The aim is shock.

Reading aloud, as in our girlhood, remained as important with us as piano or voice. I can remember a rainy Sunday when the house party began a novel after breakfast and finished it before train-time. Both girls and men were in good voice. Those who returned from church were quickly told what had happened in the interval. "Will you please begin there?"

The Christmas Jack Chapman read us the biography of *Bismarck* was a novelty. We were spellbound when Jack carried the German princes to Versailles, while Von Moltke handled the campaign. Once in the Salle des Glaces, victorious monarchs as they were, they meekly resigned themselves into Bismarck's hands. He created the Empire for Prussia, youngest, least cultured, least historic of them all. Read by myself, this pageant would never have held place in my memory.

Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa address, Audubon's description of the destruction of the wild pigeon — these led to conversation one does not forget. Nor did William or Winthrop forget the ballads instilled in them by Professor Child at Harvard.

One long hot day Sir Cecil Spring-Rice read to us in the large cool hall. "In Flores at the Azores, Sir Richard Grenville lay" He had been at Eton with Winthrop, and came to

ROKEBY for a June fortnight, one of a cohort of ten souls and two good horses. A most witty guest was he, ready to rhyme with sarcasm about his hosts, but light of touch, never insistent.

Returning one afternoon from the White House, Lord Balfour stood before an open fire, saying, "The President is a great shepherd, a great shepherd." The Ambassador snapped out, "Yes, and McAdoo is his crook." Possibly the final flash of a consummate irony.

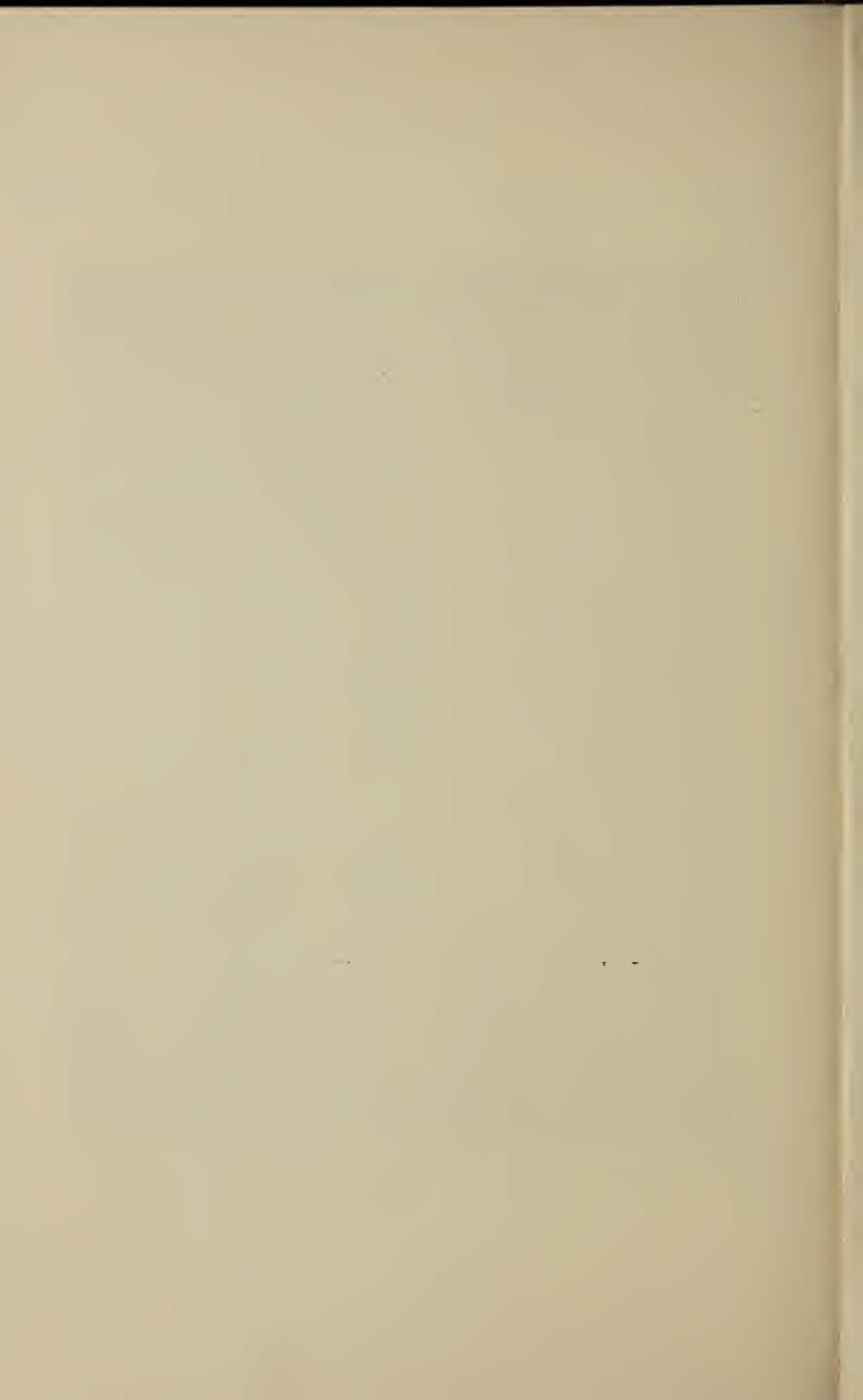
When Stanford White was enlarging the Ogden Mills place at Staatsburgh, he came to ROKEBY and after going over the house he said, "Let me cut about a dozen doors, add some bathrooms, throw a north gable where the attic is, and you will find living here very much easier." He also put some ventilation in the roof, and took down a partition in the drawing-room, which gave us a very fine music room. These improvements were done in such a way nobody could imagine that they were added.

Our friendship with the Stanford Whites began soon after Armstrong Chanler found a beautiful hotel in St. Augustine. Who could the American be who had so much knowledge of European architecture? His name was Thomas Hastings who at once received an enthusiastic letter from Mr. Chanler. This led to a friendship which brought in the Whites, and I remember my brother saying, "You must all three know Mrs. Stanford White; she is just the kind of person who will delight you," and he took us to see her.

I cannot tell romantic stories about our house parties. I do not remember a single engagement that took place under our roof or wardship. This did not prevent us from lending ROKEBY for honeymoons. I can count ten of them, including my own. But friendship reigned while people stayed our guests. We were no sirens. A conquest was no part of our interests; per-



ROKEBY IN LATER YEARS



haps, too, we had too many brothers. Girls without brothers always seemed to us very sentimental and man-conscious.

My own attitude was influenced by something a foolish old lady told me when I was sixteen. She said, "My dear, I know a man who went into an insane asylum for love of your mother forty years ago — he is there still."

I hoped my sisters might never hear this. It made me feel so horribly responsible. I once had a fantastic offer of marriage by wire. It was perhaps a hoax, probably on a bet as to whether an answer would be forthcoming. It was not.

Of course we always secured a chaperone. An older, usually married woman. Young people nowadays imagine we had them as police. Not at all. The *covenant* was at the bottom of the custom, but its utility was taking up the slack.

No matter how well parties have been arranged, everyone does not have an equally good time. Host and hostess can keep on the lookout for this, but where three young sisters were living together as hostesses, they ceased to be principals.

When it became modish for young married women to have swains, we never invited one. In the first place, it spoiled a man to be flattered by a friend's wife. The unmarried girls resented his desertion, too; it was something American girls had never known.

We did not propose to live in an Edith Wharton story. She might lay her plots in our neighborhood; we let them go by, beyond our ken.

There are two things about myself I think I should put down. One amused me very much. I quickly became "the mothers' choice." I remember saying, "To have satisfied mothers I should have had to be a widow five or six times before I was thirty." Of course the approach is unromantic. None of these filial admirers ever asked a question about what I enjoyed

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or disliked. The worst moment was when I was asked to stop dancing and sit out. Now, I thought, I must be prepared. What I heard was, "I have never been a success in life."

"Well," was my reply after a few minutes of this, "So-and-so has my next dance, I must go in."

Late in my twenties one of my best girl friends said, "We were talking about you among others, and we all agreed that Margaret Chanler never mentions herself." I never admired people who did talk much about themselves, but I know the reason for my strict reserve. I never wanted to mention my brothers or sisters to anyone. That would be against my standards of family reserve. They made up my human, emotional life, followed by their children who came fast, lived much with me and kept me young. My plan was to put my invalid sister first; could I have said that to anyone? Neither did I ever talk about my devotional life. Practicing the Presence of God does not require conversation about it even with intimate friends.

1 1

The summer of 1896 I went abroad alone, Alida not feeling strong and Elizabeth remaining with her. Before I returned Alida and Temple Emmet became engaged. A delightful thing for all of us as we enjoyed the Emmets wherever we knew them; a large clan like ours, friendly, talented, high-minded people.

The wedding was at ROKEBY in October. A magnificent autumn day. I put a dancing floor on the lawn, which was very popular. Bishop Henry Potter gave the blessing, spending the night before at ROKEBY. Mrs. Levi Morton offered to send all the outdoor tables and chairs accumulated for political banquets and also put up the ushers and the Henry Whites home from London. A car was needed from New York, a railway car.

ROKEBY IN THE NINETIES

Nothing could have been more appropriate than all this rejoicing, for the marriage begun that day lasted in great happiness for over sixty years.

LONDON IN THE NINETIES

The spring of 1893 called us hurriedly to London to attend my brother Robert's marriage to Julia Chamberlain. So long as we were there, I thought, why not accomplish something else? I persuaded John Sargent to paint my sister Elizabeth. It was his custom to admit callers, so that the sitting should not become too rigid. I was asked to keep the talk moving with those who came.

I suggested that Mr. Kipling ought to fill the vacant poet laureate's post. "What an unpleasant American idea!"

Mr. Sargent walked backwards to the wall of his studio, his brush held very high, then returned to the canvas. Lively conversation much amused but never distracted him. When the portrait was finished (he had painted the head in only twice), I overheard him: "Miss Chanler, I have painted you *la penserosa*, I should like to begin all over again, and paint you *l'allegra*."

We took a very small house for Alida's presentation. People who could show us many sides of English life made friends with us. Mrs. Fawcett, the Buxtons and the Snowdens were all in harness in the nation's constructive life. They influenced me sooner or later. Mountains were being moved to provide a more liberal religion, better conditions for workers, public education and, before long, for the enfranchisement of women. Young people were then being swept as a matter of course into the settlement movement. Tenement dwellers were visited by agents of charity organizations. There was a stir in the air.

LONDON IN THE NINETIES

"All the important movements we have known were started in England," said Mr. Chapman: settlements, the Salvation Army, young men and women's Christian associations, fresh air centers in the country, the Boy Scouts, trained nurses organizations (by Florence Nightingale long before). Previously, nursing had been done by women in orders, like the Lutheran Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth in Germany, with whom Miss Nightingale studied. First aid was initiated in England as the "St. John's Ambulance."

And at long last with the rest, the mass movement of adult education for civilization. The glitter of social leisure enjoyed by the upper classes at this time should not put them in shadow; thousands of study classes filled empty periods of the seven-day week. But multitudes are no longer picturesque. The very success of numbers is apt to drive chroniclers to single out the exceptional individuals on the fringes of society. While he was the ambassador, Mr. Choate was to call the British weekend "*the weak end* of England's government," so little could be done between Friday afternoon and Monday noon. I felt the same way about British children — parents were so much on holiday.

Much of the house was closed; nurse and governess reigned supreme, the fourth weekend was always a house-party, with children in retreat. The Sundays we had known, with the world banished and timeless religion governing all things, treated children quite differently.

I suppose it was in the seventies that fast trains brought all this about. The people who owned great country houses filled them with beautiful women blazing in jewels and magnificent dresses. The jewels looked their best.

The individual was not at advantage in a London crush; at Blenheim one *might* be remembered. One did not hear of

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such an era on the Continent. In France a guest brought her own lady's maid who also made the beds and cleaned the room. Valets helped out in the dining room. The English allowed precedence at servants' table in the steward's hall.

This was the period of tennis for everybody, which gave something to do between hunts. Lawn tennis attracted neighborhood guests as well. The most dreadful thing that could happen to a country house was to lie under its own spell from Friday to Monday. Hounds, coverts and tennis kept England healthily natural; hospitality was generous; a lawn might bear two bands. The scene was everywhere repeated.

1 1

Many of my contemporaries were marrying abroad. A knot of indignant members were discussing the scintillating announcement of a recent engagement. A small end-product was heard to mutter: "I suppose they want something for their money."

American brides fell in with the rhythm: Scottish moors, country house winters — as though born to it. Not many rode to hounds as well as they might have done; nor did they ever embrace the English climate, though they accepted it. As a rule our many Continental marriages with less atavistic backgrounds have produced less happy children and grandchildren than the British marriages.

Our cousin Henry White was attached to our American Legation in England as secretary and *charge d'affaires* for many years. He had made his English friends before he married and he had hunted a good deal. By the time he entered our diplomatic service, he was a welcome guest at many of the large country houses.

An abundance of famous people called on them. I remember young and charming Jusserand, the French ambassador,
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but writing of English literature. Henry James was another, always eager to learn more of the small points of difference between America and England. Should he make his English characters call their relatives "cousin"? He should not. That would indeed be a betrayal of ignorance.

In the year when the Queen opened the Indian Building in Kensington, before the Royalties arrived Asquith stood holding the Queen's speech, beside Mrs. Henry White.

This sort of intimacy was of course most useful to the State Department. So much was discussed on weekends which otherwise never reached the ears of secretaries.

At home people assumed that Henry White's business was to introduce Americans to London society. But, as he put it, we were only "a happy accident" in his career. His real work was elsewhere. The Whites entertained lavishly, and we saw many official affairs. At a Foreign House reception Indian princes wore their jeweled turbans and the grand staircase seemed to unroll the British Empire.

I heard Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule Bill. He was constantly interrupted with, "What will it cost?" "Coming later," was the inevitable reply. The younger Chamberlain made his maiden speech that night, for which his father was congratulated by his opponent Mr. Gladstone to deafening cheers.

We were taken to No. 10 Downing Street to see from the library windows the trooping of the colors. There was Mr. Gladstone tramping his well known carpet, his wife most cordial to us, and we watched the Prince of Wales in Whitehall parade, wearing his Busby. We heard much of H.R.H. on all sides, of his value to his mother's government. Unknown to most of the public, his time outside England was not all spent in pleasure. Ministers would confer with him and policies

would be better understood, a corner turned; a crisis postponed, even averted. Of course people talked of his private life, with pity for the Queen and the Princess of Wales. The year of the Baccarat scandal all who drove from London to Ascot read the slum-dwellers' legend, "Don't Back a Rat, Back a Horse," scrawled freely upon many streets.

When the Prince laid the cornerstone of a new British Museum building, I was surprised to find his speaking voice as beautiful as his mother's was said to be. His "r" was distinctly German. We sat in a huge half-moon of tiered seats. The Princess entered and looked around the crescent with ineffable grace, as if saying, "I know you all, how glad I am you are here."

Queen Victoria I watched driving away from a drawing-room in Buckingham Palace, her head thrown back in gayest laughter. The incidents of a drawing-room are often unexpected and might be laughed at, as when a shy young lady shut her eyes, turned to the wrong side and made the correct number of court curtsies in front of the equerries with her back to the Royalties.

As I remember the etiquette, the Queen kissed a peer's wife or daughter; commoners kissed the Queen's hand; foreigners merely curtsied. As I could not curtsy to the President of the United States I declined being presented, thereby missing either a court ball or court concert, the splendors of which my sisters reported as fabulous.

I suppose the most famous American anecdote about Victorian (or perhaps Edwardian) drawing-rooms is the Taft incident. The Tafts did not know that, number being restricted, it was necessary to write in advance that the admission of Mrs. Taft to the Queen's drawing-rooms was desired. Mr. Taft

dropped in to make the request and was told that the list was closed for that season.

The lesser personnel always had tickets of admission to the Royal Mews and to the London zoo, probably for the entrances enjoyed by Americans at special times. Mr. Taft did not know that the zoo on Sunday afternoons was open only to members and that before the days of gasoline going to the zoo meant mingling with the very people his wife would have met at a Royal garden party.

He took the tickets, but they seem never to have left his vest pocket. During the first World War after his presidency, Mr. William Corcoran Eustis was at a dinner where they were handed around as a sample of the affronts practiced by the London legation offices.

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Coming from America where the young girl still reigned supreme, we were amused to find that young men in England were spoiled by their hostesses, the invited girl generally having been asked for by her beau. Miss Florence Lockwood, niece of Ambassador Bayard, was the only American we knew swept up into the regions of magnificent castles and yachts. English girls had a dull time. They could not even give luncheons to one another. A young man calling asked for the mother, the girls following *entourage*.

Two American girls descended from colonial society, Miss Marian Lea from Philadelphia and Miss Elizabeth Robins from Kentucky, had no difficulty in renting a London theater in which they gave Ibsen matinees to crowded houses.

We haunted the English church, hearing eloquent sermons from Canon Liddon, Canon Farrar and bishops and archbishops, all with a modern approach. I remember hearing Bishop

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Whipple from Minnesota in St. Paul's. Evensong at half-past six brought poetry to a country Sunday in the beauty of late afternoon. Choral services in every cathedral were equally beautiful.

At the theater, Bernard Shaw's plays filled their performances, but the British preferred Mrs. Pat Campbell in Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Bernhardt and Duse were both acting and Ibsen was turning minds toward psychological drama, yet here was an English woman depicting old-fashioned melodrama to metropolitan applause.

I always felt grateful to the gloomy play; it gave me my best international moment. I was at a dinner with Comyns Carr on my left discussing Mrs. Campbell, when he suddenly said, "Dear Tanqueray, he little knows what his miseries will be with the third Mrs. Tanqueray, an American."

I led him on a little, while the table listened to his quiet penetrating voice. Then I asked him, "What would be the characteristics causing all this anguish?"

"Hardness," he answered. "American women are so hard."

"Not," I said, "to our own men."

Across the table Mr. Sargent sparkled like a Christmas tree.

INDIAN PILGRIMAGE

My uncle Mr. Delano having died, my sisters and I spent a month every summer with his widow, my mother's aunt Laura Astor. For many summers I added a month in Scotland with my friends the Archibald Balfours. Our winters were in New York, with the exception of the one following my sister Alida's wedding to Temple Emmet.

Immediately after my sister's wedding in October 1896, my elder sister and I sailed for England to pick up letters of introduction for our trip to India, etc. We sailed for Ceylon, arriving after Christmas, which was well-celebrated on the *Valetta*, everyone holding hands at dinner when "Auld Lang Syne" was sung. The arrival in such a port as Colombo is picturesque in the extreme, passengers lifted into the Orient on many types of little vessels. We went at once to the Buddhist monastery where Elizabeth held conversation through an interpreter.

From Colombo we reached Kandy and were invited to lunch at the Residency and then to accompany the Resident to an exhibition of Buddha's Tooth.

Neuaralia we gained, seeing calla lillies growing wild in that altitude; and then back to Colombo for a most trying trip in stages to visit the Buddhist temples at Anaradgapura. My sister's energy never flagged. Crossing to Tuticorin we were next in Madras for a few days, and then up in Coticummund, the Hill Station of Southern India, where the Resident was married to a friend from New York.

Most fortunately, we there met General Tillard who had

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made the march from Kandahar with Lord Roberts. He told us that one day Roberts, the young commanding officer, sharply rebuked a younger officer. The next day he sent for the man he had rebuked and, in the presence of his staff, said, "I was mistaken yesterday. I find you were not the man who made the mistake. I wish to take back my reprimand." General Tillard said, "We would all willingly have died for a superior like that."

"Where are you young ladies going?" he asked most kindly.

"Wherever we have letters. They seem to be to people in a great many places."

"Let me see them, please, so that I can make out your itinerary."

So there we were, providentially provided with a clear map from Madras to the Khyber Pass. How often did we bless General Tillard as we progressed!

With the exception of Rajputana all the places we visited have been often described in good books. This account of Oodeypur is taken from my sister's Indian Diary:

A long day through hot bare plains until at sunset we came to great fields of lovely pink opium poppies. Most beautiful.

February 6th: The high Residency carriage was waiting for us, with footmen in the rumble and outriders behind. A nice note of welcome from the Resident-Colonel Curzen Wylie. An eight-mile drive, passing bold looking men on foot or riding, all armed with sword or long knife in their belts. Colonel Wylie told us later no English person went armed. Trappings of the splendid Arab horses were gorgeous red. Women's skirts and *saris* glowing reds

and blues. Anklets of brass half way up the leg like a stocking. Red and enamel brass bracelets making sleeves. The Residency a fine white stone house almost covered by a bougainvillea vine. The Colonel most hospitable, his wife to be seen later. After breakfast we drove to the lake, rowing its full length. A yellow wall on its bank around the tumbling mass of a town, like a moat. A lovely white bridge near the palace. Around the embankment walls little flights of steps every few feet set profile for the people to wash upon. Women dipping *saris*. Both shores a marvel of balconies, gratings, balustrades, domes and minarets. The castle itself part blind walls five stories high. It may spread a quarter of a mile. Opposite two water palaces, each on an island enclosed in arcades, cloisters and walls. Around the lake range upon range of low sharp-peaked mountains. At the end of the lake we went to the roof of a sort of pleasure house to watch the state pigs being fed. Hundreds of savage bristling boars. Their feet like a pattering hail storm. They are fattened with corn for the Maharana's hunting season. Golden dust like incense rose in an immense cloud from the scampering. Below us in a court a white Arab in gorgeous trappings neighed and stamped. His owner wore brocades and jewels. It seemed the heart of the Middle Ages. Mrs. Wyllie down in the evening, very agreeable and handsome.

February 6th: Mr. Futteh Lal deputed to take us over the palace and temple. Up the long winding streets, every house with rich hanging bay-windows or balconies. Shops in the open front rooms of

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houses, endless people wandering aimlessly in brilliant clothes.

At last the palace on a summit like a climax. Several great gateways and courts lead to the entrance. A row of elephants were eating hay along the court. A lovely garden ran the length of the palace. The great entrance is up a huge flight of steps. Then begins utter confusion of court upon court, storey upon storey. No general plan. Black winding stairs only holding people single file, halting, hitch, twist from side to side. The crown and glory of all a hanging garden at the top; airy, delicate, trees sprouting from patterns of earth left in the pavement; a great bath in the middle, an open screen hedging in flowers and shrubs; around the bath a cloister leading to a little court holding another marble bath with carved bed and canopy where the Maharana may sleep of a summer night. Above the cloister the view is beautiful beyond words. Below, elephants screamed, horses neighed, doves innumerable cooed and gurgled. The mountains brimming, the round horizon held it all like a bowl. White sheets of moving mist made the town a pearl dissolving in the midst. A pearl with a ruby heart, as we found on going to the armory. First a dark hall with only spears stacked against the wall for daily hunting, then a well-lit room where the swords and shields of the *rajpoots* were gleaming. Some shields of rhino hide, red and transparent as red agate. All round with jeweled knobs in the center. The sword hilts and the sheaths a mass of jewels and strange devices. Often an animal's head on a

craning neck. Diamonds and rubies everywhere. Some shields had four match-lock pistols hidden in their four knobs, the triggers at easy distance from the handle of the shield. Some swords with pistols running on either side of the hilt. But all gold and jewels. In another court were mosaics of glass set in the polished plaster walls. Great peacocks the size of life. Lovely traceries of flowers in stiff designs: One little room completely lined with Dutch tiles brought by a Holland merchantman. The *zenana* quarters are never visited. The present Maharana has only one wife.

From the palace we went to the temple. Two elephants large as life guard the entrance; within a vast confusion of idols, some hideous animals, all carving with a creeping, crawling look. We sat listening to a *sarangi* and tom-toms from a high pedestal in front of the central shrine where people were giving the god his breakfast of rice. Flowers and red dust sprinkles everywhere because it was the first of the Spring Feast. Behind us on our platform a great brass *rajput* prince kneeled to the shrine in front in an attitude of great devotion. The god at the back of the middle shrine was a fat *ganesha*.

From there we went to rest. In the afternoon Mr. Futteh Lal joined us again. This time we were to see the water palaces. He came dressed in pale green brocade embroidered with little sprigs, a fringed shawl around his neck. The turban gorgeous, big pearls and rubies in his ears. The first palace a wonder of beauty. Court after court of arcaded sides. A labyrinth bath where the former Maharanas

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used to play hide-and-seek with their queens. Between the different courts were looking glass frescoes: pink water lillies or hunting scenes in a Maharana's life or his portrait. One of the late ruler was as archaic in design and treatment as though it had been painted a thousand years ago. The flight of his whiskers, the tilt of his turban, the curve of his jewels, the swing of his skirts, all belonged to some lost art, although it was painted thirty years ago. The windows on one side of the arcade were in heavy stone traceries of flowing patterns, thick ruby-colored glass shining in the openings. On the points of arches in arcades or gateways were great glass things like sword hilts, or *fleur-de-lis* standing against the sky in all colors. This island is often used in summer. The next one is only a show place. Within the entrance a white-washed tennis court with a lovely fretted top in panels. At one end of the island a little queen's marble bath where four tiny elephants spout from raised trunks, and the lake itself almost mixes with the water in the marble basin. No screen shuts out the view through occasional pillars. We walked around one central garden on a terrace level with the rooms, then climbed the yellow marble tower where Shah Jehan sought refuge from his father. The delicate inlaid marble traceries in his round room high under the dome are as chaste as the Florentine ones and gave him his first inspiration for the Taj Mahal.

Futteh Lal said the English took refuge on this island during the Mutiny and were safe, as Rajpu-

tana took no part in that rising against England's administration of India.

Sunday: No service because the chaplain is in camp. Futteh Lal took us to see the kings' tombs or cenotaphs, all in one large enclosure; fine carving in cornices, capitals and friezes.

Colonel Wyllie told us no Westerner can understand the religious awe with which his people worship the Maharana. He is descended from the sun, looked upon as a living deity.

February 6th: A glass mosaic worker came early to sell me tools and samples of his work. At ten we left, reaching Chittor in the cool of the afternoon, having enjoyed most charming hospitality from delightful strangers.

From Peashwa we drove up to Jumrood on a day when the camel train was bringing salt; and I went up a hill with our maid and the Hindu who drove us. The Mohammedan, also sent in our dog cart, remained with Elizabeth. She began to eat her lunch and, forgetting it was the month when Mohammedans fast until sunset, offered the guard a roll or sandwich. He became surly and then menacing, a horrid experience for her. Fortunately we were not away long.

We had the most extraordinary piece of good fortune at the Taj Mahal. The head gardener had been sent as a child to Pasteur when a dog bit him. His father was on the Buxton place, Fox Warren, in Surrey. Mrs. Buxton gave us a letter to him which resulted in his telling us when we visited the garden in daytime, "This is moonlight. I shall have harems coming tonight. Would you ladies like to see the Taj by moonlight?"

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Nothing more beautiful can be imagined, but even in daylight the building seems only to light on the ground. My sister said this was owing to the way the roof has been treated, light and shadow meeting constant varieties in the surface.

To my mind the tomb was tremendously enhanced only by our seeing the effigies. Far below is the burial never looked at by mortal eye.

We of course also went to Agra, a beautiful palace from which Shah Jehan looked across to the Taj.

Heat was commencing as March drew near. My sister often seemed very tired and I began to wonder whether it were wise to go south around the tropics of the Malay Peninsula; and so home by China and Japan. We reached Calcutta early in March and found in our mail that my sister's greatest friend Minna Chapman, for whom she was keeping the diary, had died in January when her little son was ten days old. Clearly, visiting strange countries would no longer be of absorbing interest. We changed our sailings and took a fast ship from Bombay to Brindisi, reaching New York just as war began in Afghanistan.

SHAH JEHAN TO THE TAJ MAHAL

*Veiled in light, beloved, lie
Hidden from my ecstasy.
'Tis the white star of thy birth
Shrouds thee from the thoughts of earth.
When thy king like thee shall die
Deeper than the thoughts of men
He shall find thee once again;
Together sleep the long, long sleep
While young worlds our memories keep
Veiled in light, beloved, in light,
Beloved, lie.*

WITH THE RED CROSS IN 1898

In the autumn of 1897 I began to live in a house I had bought at 317 West 74th Street. My sisters were both with me, as the Temple Emmets' house was not yet finished.

Our absorbing topic that winter was the fate of Cuba, where the Spanish General Weyler was inhumanly starving out our neighbors. My brother William was off filibustering for them, getting arms to the Cuban leader Gomez who was trying to establish *Cuba libre*. Filibustering was, of course, frowned upon, and was dangerous both to life and to reputation. But his intimacy with Theodore Roosevelt, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator Cameron and Henry Adams made it possible for him to be of vital aid to Gomez. By transmitting a true account of Spanish indifference to misgovernment in Cuba, he aroused public attention in the United States.

Miss Clara Barton began assembling Red Cross supplies. Unfortunately she had no access to New York people and made no attempt to organize work there. A Swiss doctor, Lesser, started a small, almost unknown Red Cross hospital in Manhattan. The situation called for statesmanship.

Bishop Potter calmed the dismay by urging the starting of auxiliary units. New York Auxiliary No. 3 became the rallying point, with Cleveland E. Dodge to head the work. He remained there throughout the Spanish War.

Miss Barton's primary thought was to get food to Cuba. She was on her way with a ship's cargo when the *Maine* was blown up. The national publicity she received undoubtedly did much to produce the jingo spirit of the day.

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*We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men,
We've got the money too!*

This was a powerful slogan.

By April a campaign for actual war was well under way. William Chanler offered to finance a regiment, besides organizing an expedition to reach Gomez. My brother Winthrop took over the latter project, carried out the mission and was wounded in Cuba. William's offer of a regiment was not accepted, but he served as *aide-de-camp* to General Joe Wheeler, the spry little Confederate veteran and the best soldier in the War. William served throughout the Santiago engagements. Theodore Roosevelt wrote from the Navy Department in the spring of 1898: "Dear Willie, I hear you are offering a regiment. I should like to be your lieutenant-colonel."

Red Cross work in the North was slow in starting. Clara Barton, its head, was to the Union Army what Florence Nightingale had been to the British in the Crimea. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 she had served with the Grand Duchess of Baden and had attended an International Red Cross Congress. Her amazing influence had persuaded the European countries to add relief in flood and famine to the original work of mercy on the battlefield. This was actually called "The American Amendment." From her modest home in Glen Echo, Maryland, Miss Barton put the amendment into effect for the disasters that struck our country. Her appeal for aid to Cuba brought response. The example of thousands of sufferers who had been helped in the great flood at Galveston came powerfully to mind in the West.

Had there been corresponding catastrophes in Boston or New York, there would have been no delay. But as it was,

WITH THE RED CROSS IN 1898

in August 1898, three months after War started, Massachusetts was still sending her own relief supplies in the ship *Bay State*. Miss Barton never seemed to have thought out the plan in a Continental way.

I found myself at this time constantly urging men to enlist and leave home to end the Spanish nuisance in the New World. One day I caught myself saying, "You urge others, you should go yourself."

I went to the office where Miss Barton's drive for food was conducted and left my name for volunteer work in the field. Then I looked up Dr. Lesser's Red Cross hospital, where I enrolled as a nurse. Not that I expected to do nursing, for which I was not trained, but I could at least translate Spanish for the American nurses; I could be their housekeeper, I could organize their headquarters and fight their battles with the Army Quartermaster on whom their supplies depended. Meanwhile, I thought a little acquaintance with hospital routine seemed in order during my period of waiting. This went on until July.

At the end of May my sister Elizabeth married John Jay Chapman. She and I had been living together, and her absence made my going easier. But in June a niece fell very ill, and for a time my early departure was threatened.

But July 3 found me as interpreter for some twenty-five nurses and aids, contributed to the U.S. Army through the Red Cross by Auxiliary No. 3 of New York. We were bound for Tampa.

Tampa Inn, July 1898

We arrived at 9 P.M. Found every transport had cleared the harbor with reinforcements 24 hours be-

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fore. Rough Riders and other troops and trains upon trains of provisions are waiting. Two surgeons in the Navy interested themselves and we ship for Key West tonight on the *Mascot*. Commander Teney has been telegraphed to and we hope to be sent off on a government dispatch boat. Nothing had been done for us at this end until we arrived. Two small double rooms and the billiard-barber's room with 12 cots were ready.

It is deliciously cool on this balcony. We should reach Key West at 3 P.M. Wednesday. From there to Santiago it is only 60 hours in a good boat. Miss Gill has met every conceivable person. The number of wounded on both sides compared to the nurses makes modern neglect seem more outrageously cruel than anything in the helpless Middle Ages.

I feel well but there is no reason why I shouldn't.

5 P.M. Miss Gill has found Miss Wheeler stranded in Tampa. She will join us, a most appealing little thing.

Affectionately,

MARGARET

Our staterooms on the transports were sought after by officers. Twice we were ordered on board, only to retreat before the shower of masculine suitcases flung into the staterooms assigned to us. On the third try we sailed for Key West on the Mallory Line steamer *Lampasus*. At Key West ship captain Barstow asked me furtively whether I would like to purchase "a nice little gun," after he noticed that I had supplied the nurses with a bolt of cheesecloth to cut up and hem. I replied that the Red Cross had to be neutral.

We left the Key under naval escort, with all lights out.

Key West, Thursday

I got sick and tired of telling you that I was on the eve of departure. We got off Tuesday — troops, beasts and engineers, with their outfit of pontoons, etc. We tow a barge for landing, which delays us. I have just done my washing and hung it across the stateroom on a string. Miss Wheeler and I are in a big cabin. Non-professional as all Southern women are, her one idea is to reach her father. I have no intention of appearing in the tents of the cavalry leader during an engagement without being sent for because of illness.

We are not allowed to land. Our commanding officer is Colonel Blake of the Engineers. His wife knows friends of ours, so I feel quite at home with him. Miss Rutty, who is in charge of us, a very nice English friend of Mrs. Gardner's, takes everything very quietly. I can't write much, nor can I let my mind dwell on the mules and the men kept below.

We have the father of a wounded Rough Rider on board, showing his son's letters. When he got the sympathy of a very tough captain from California about his wife's death-bed, I heard he had just married a beautiful young girl; so that about finished him. We have a captain in the Cuban Army who talked Spanish to me. Three horses were killed under him. He is on his way to Gomez, wearing a Garibaldean, a flaming shirt, and more stars than a lieutenant-colonel is allowed, bearing greetings from Italy to Cuba. There are newspaper men. Before leaving Port Tampa two transports of wounded

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came in; with them Hallowell. The suffering and maiming concentrated without the action of the field.

I wonder where you are.

Affectionately,

MARGARET

At the harbor of Guantanamo, our first Cuban port, our nurses were chagrined to find themselves forbidden to land "because there was an epidemic in the port." The truth was that the medical officer in command General Greenleaf wanted them nearer the seat of war.

I was sitting on deck one afternoon when Captain Barstow came by.

"Pack up, Miss Chanler. All women are going back to New York tonight."

I thought quickly. Had he been bribed by the officers to turn us out? I asked, "Captain Barstow, from whom do you take orders regarding the nurses?"

"Well, of course Head Nurse Miss Ratty. Where is she?"

I said I would find her. When I did, I took the precaution of asking her, "Miss Ratty, from whom do you take orders?"

"Why, only from General Greenleaf, of course. What a strange question from you!"

We heard no more of our leaving the staterooms on the *Lampasus*.

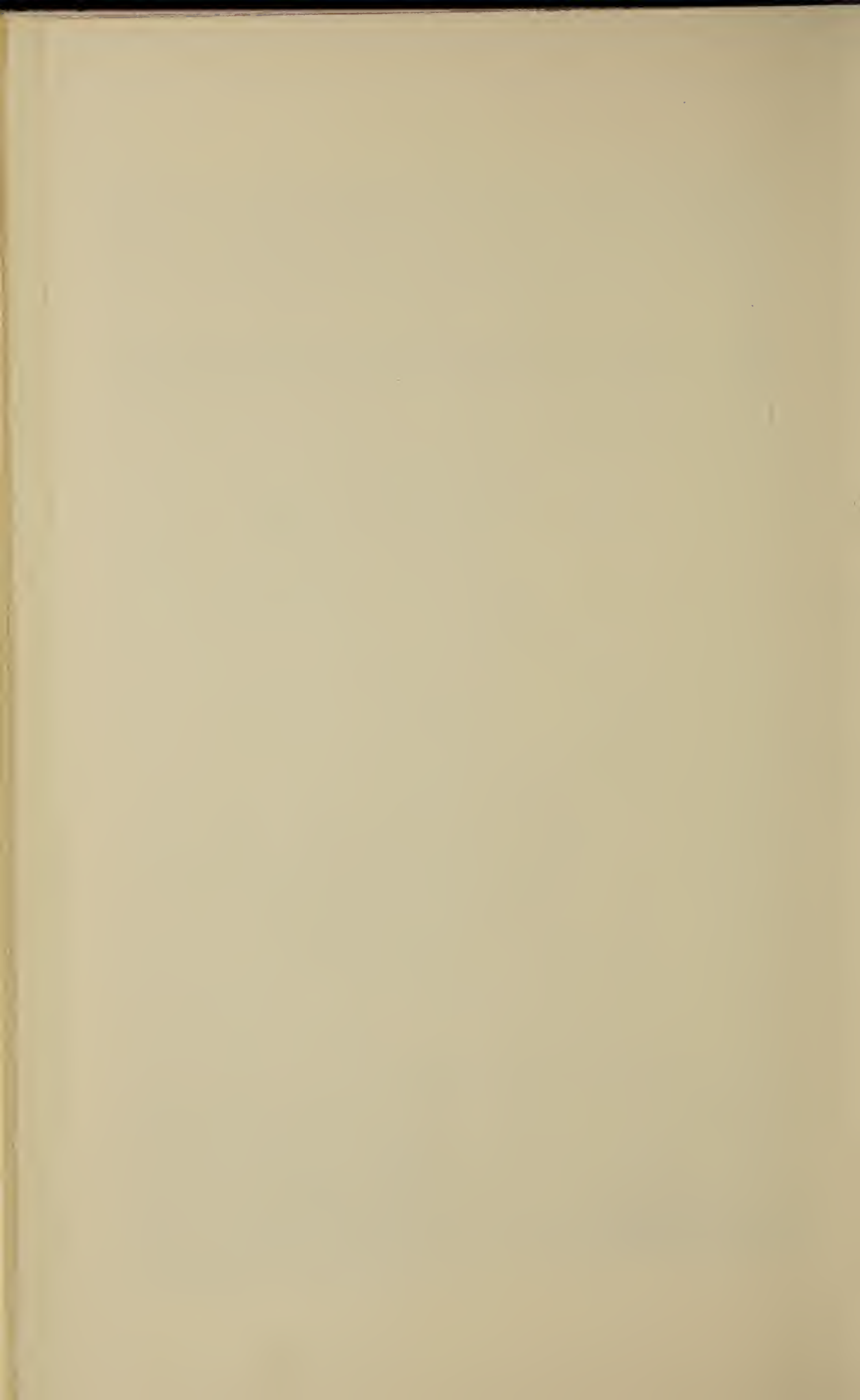
One evening during our stay the sailors entertained us on the *Oregon*, just arrived via Cape Horn. One of the sailors sang a ballad he had composed during her long voyage. Here was folk song in the making, Professor Child would say.

General Wheeler's daughter in our group left us at this time for her father's headquarters and I had our deck state-



MARGARET CHANLER

with Miss Anna Bouligny (*left*) and a member
of the medical staff in a Puerto Rican hospital



room to myself thereafter, never disturbed by the wagon-train outside. They ground their morning coffee in decorous silence. Could officers have been so considerate so long?

Our next port had not been revealed to the officers on board. We joined the many transports brought from Charleston by General Miles, and soon were approaching land again. We anchored at Ponce, and the next morning our officers left notes with us "in case they would be welcome." A general engagement followed, our Army advancing into the hills.

We had expected to be detailed to a hospital on land, but something quite different followed. Whole squads of the men on other transports were ill with typhoid and worse. The diseases had been contracted in the Charleston cattlesheds which had served as temporary barracks. They had not been fumigated or properly cleaned.

Could Miss Ratty organize a hospital on board the *Lampasus* for two hundred or more? The nurses were willing, provided the soldiers lay on deck, not in the stuffy cabins with berths impossible to keep clean. In a few hours mattresses were laid, with top sheets only. Pillowcases were needed as pajama tops. The arrival of the patients was grim. The *Harvard* and the *Yale* lined up alongside the *Lampasus*, and tottering forms dragged their way over the planks in a long procession.

Fortunately, I had brought a small spirit-lamp. The cooks had decamped as soon as the sick men arrived; they had not been hired for hospital duty. Milk was boiled incessantly, the nurses taking turns.

What should be done with a dead patient? Put him in a lifeboat until dark. Not too good for the men below the lifeboat.

Twenty skilled women can make a wonderful showing under baffling conditions. The patients who were not too ill liked

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it. There was at least one hard shower every afternoon, to give all the hospital a soaking and to reduce temperatures. I was asked to take charge of laundry. On a lower stern deck I found a huge tub. I also found a stowaway Negro whom I installed with a long pole and much lime. Stowaway John! What a surprise *he* got! How much he rested, how often I walked to and fro can be guessed.

By the third morning I said to Miss Ratty, "Lots of these men have typhoid, and their glasses are in with the others. Why not give them cups and keep glasses for the others?"

The men were queried; they preferred the cups with handles.

Delirious patients would get up and walk around; rather to my satisfaction when they encountered young officers sent over with messages, who stiffened with horror at our pest-house.

One morning there was a bullet in my window-frame. We heard shooting, but thought it was all on land. A mule was killed in the next transport. The bullets turned out to be American: green troops had misunderstood an order and fired upon the harbor.

The port was of course under Navy control, and the Navy did not like the *Lampasus*, an Army transport and pest-ship. Navy field glasses finally showed up a *Lampasus* solitary maroon on top deck. Clearly, the Navy declared, it was a case for quarantine. A naval officer finally arrived with a yellow quarantine flag, which wrought our patients into a state of panic as they stared upon it.

The man above, it turned out, had boils. He had been sent up because there was no laboratory for their analysis. I arranged his food and several times a day I handed up food by a string, inviting pot shots. I told him to take the flag down

as often as it was put up. I heard later that my brother's friends took in some money betting with fellow-officers on my chances.

All this went on for a week or so, with men buried every night. Others recovered, and more took their places. Captain Barstow at last told us we were slated for Fortress Monroe, to the hospital there. No landing for these nurses on Spanish soil. Poor sailor that I was and therefore a liability for the home voyage, I decided I could serve better by landing and keeping the door open for the nurses' return. Colonel Meikie explained this to General Miles, and I landed with an aide, Miss Anna Bouligny.

Everyone in Ponce was wearing Red Cross flags or brassards. Those we met beckoned us forward. I spoke Spanish, and they explained we must come to the American hospital. We were glad to hear that there was one. It proved to be a single-room school with a dirt floor, crowded with prostrate American privates being fanned by Puerto Ricans. Someone fetched an official of the Puerto Rican Red Cross and through an Army doctor we put up a placard on the door: IN AMERICAN HOSPITALS ONLY RELATIVES ARE ALLOWED TO VISIT.

The nearest relatives were in Illinois and Wisconsin. I asked the official for two blank books and a pencil. I tore the leaves out of one book, placing the patient's name over each bed, with his company commander's name. On corresponding leaves I put down the medication and nourishment. Orderlies were overjoyed. Miss Bouligny set out to market for light and liquid diets.

After I had catalogued the ward, the official told me there was a second hospital. It contained a few officers in the Commercial Travelers Club and had an empty room for which they promised "*dos beds y ein Spiegel.*" Eventually we lunched at the excellent hotel kept by a Frenchwoman, and so passed

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our first day justifying our desertion of the *Lampasus*. Eight of those heroic nurses who went north contracted typhoid and one of them died.

After a few days General Greenleaf gave me a certificate permitting me to serve with troops in the field. He said, "We are now moving to the huge Spanish hospital on the hill. It has had to be fumigated. You and Miss Bouligny cannot help us there."

Privates, I learned, had to go where they were ordered; but officers might choose for themselves. On this information I rented a small house to see whether an officers' hospital would be acceptable. Very soon we were in the largest house in the city, and something could really be done.

Some officers fell sick in lodgings. Miss Bouligny reported one such case. As I entered a ground-floor bedroom by the door, a pig entered it by the window and began rooting around. The Civil War officer in bed was obviously dying. Fortunately, a Puerto Rican doctor came in.

I asked, "Can you stay with this gentleman?"

"No!" he replied. An Army major-doctor had called him a "dago nurse." He had graduated from Bellevue Hospital College, and would not be so treated.

I asked him to drive to headquarters with me and receive an official apology. At HQ I found Captain Erskine Hewitt, who asked us to sit down. I told the whole story.

He very solemnly said, "I apologize to you in the name of the Army, the Congress, the Senate, the Supreme Court, the Cabinet and the President."

This satisfied the *pundonor*, and our expiring officer was not left alone.

As I look back on the various wards I set up or nursed in, I count four in all, the orderlies of which were fine coopera-

tive men. The doctors had but one idea, that I should ask each of them to be House Surgeon. All I asked was that each soldier should be attended by his regimental doctor, and that an officer might choose his physician.

Colonel Macomb, suffering a concussion, was the only one to ask for a native doctor. We found a fine one, educated in Paris.

A mother in New York cabled: "My son in Troop A ill in Ponce. Please nurse him."

I recall that there had been some publicity. One week the *New York Journal* ran a story that I was dying, though the reporters saw me every day, active and well.

Miss Bouligny relieved me entirely of diet matters, purchasing, supervising the little kitchen and the feeding of all patients not in our dining room. We had no new supplies. I remember hemming a sheet after the patient had fallen asleep.

One young artilleryman declined to have his typhoid bath with the excuse that his heart was bad. I sent for a doctor who ordered digitalis. I told him, "You will have to come and give this heart stimulant. There is nobody here trained enough to give lymphatic injections." But he would not be counted upon.

That day Mrs. Miles arrived, bringing with her a nurse in case of illness. She volunteered to help me. I put her on this patient only; he was dangerously ill, but with her on hand the corner was turned.

I never stayed up at night. Saturnina called me at six-thirty, bringing a bowl full of coffee made from berries bought the day before. From then till things quieted down at half-past eight I was on call; and as each typhoid case was given three or four baths a day, my hands were full.

FAMILY VISTA

At half-past eight we drove into the hills, and Miss Bou-ligny sang French opera to me with charm and spirit.

Ponce, Puerto Rico

Saturday, July 30, 1898

Plans indefinite. Perfectly well. Expected to leave before now.

MARGARET

August 3, 1898

We have ten privates and another twenty coming in an hour, and four officers. A good many typhoids. They will all be sent north. Heaps of friends. Very well.

MARGARET

I had left New York with two hundred dollars. It was many weeks before further remittances reached me. The officers paid for their food and the New York committee, which considered it was Auxiliary No. 3 of the Red Cross, insisted on defraying rents and wages on my return. In September or October the committee sent Miss Crommelin to report on the work in Puerto Rico. I was then in San Juan, but she covered Ponce and Cuamo Springs.

I was sorry to lose touch with the soldiers. Soon after they were taken to the Spanish hospital one called on me to say his brother, my former patient, had died. They were fine young school teachers from the Middle West, sons of a Civil War veteran.

I asked him to come for me when the burial took place. It was in a little Protestant cemetery with a commissary clerk in charge of the service. I offered my prayerbook, but he shook his head. "Please, Miss, read a funeral." Several black-

WITH THE RED CROSS IN 1898

robed figures stared at us over a wall. But taps is never meager.

No patient died under my hands. The hospital ship relief came twice to take patients home, and I think one of mine was too weak for the transfer. Not fully schooled to nursing, a death would have cost me my nerve, I think, in continuing on day after day.

Five weeks, perhaps, passed before some of the nurses under Miss Ruddy returned. I knew General Ernst had an engineers' camp at Cuamo Springs, and had arranged to go there. The professional nurses would have regular hours and many of the regular hospital routines. They took over the Officers Hospital immediately, and we drove to Cuamo. I took a wing in the hotel to which officers came. None of these were very ill, but in the large camp hospital I persuaded General Ernst to ask for two of the Ponce nurses and put them in charge of diet, as the patients were refusing to eat.

Men hospital stewards at that time had only three months' training. Often they were men of little use in any other branch of the service. Many of the doctors, too, had not had much experience, or indeed anything commensurate with their tasks. They were terrified at the thought of assuming responsibility which might result in loss of promotion. They were called "contract doctors" in the service, an emergency provision.

General Ernst soon moved his camp and we took an apartment in San Juan. A naval officer turned up at once, with a badly sprained shoulder.

San Juan, Puerto Rico
October 14, 1898

I wish you could be here on Tuesday when Spain is sent from this hemisphere and our troops march in. I am in a delightful apartment, balconies with-

FAMILY VISTA

out around a little court, a roof garden, great big rooms for sick officers, the kindnesses of English consuls, an American Mrs. Consul who had cleaned the place and put in a bath room.

This morning the doctor in charge of the *Bay State*, the Massachusetts Relief steamer, asked me to take control of all the stores he leaves here.

Affectionately,

MARGARET

So at last we reached October. The War was well over and gone. I saw the last Spanish troops march down to their embarkation at dawn one autumn morning. The admiralty pigeons swept over the transports in brooding flocks.

General Brooks came in without incident. He said nobody's feelings should be hurt. We took over the island government without incident. Miss Bouligny and I returned to New York on a troop ship from Ponce, with Colonel Griffen's regiment of engineers.

My guardian Mrs. Wm. Preston Griffen had nursed in General McClellan's army in the Pomonkey. I was continuing where she left off.

WASHINGTON AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

My brother William went from the Spanish War to the New York Assembly in the same year that Theodore Roosevelt went from Rough Rider to governor. From the Assembly, William went to Congress, and I with him, since he was unmarried.

I first knew the Theodore Roosevelts while he was police commissioner of New York City. We dined in each other's houses — John La Farge was in theirs, John Graham Brooks in ours. The Colonel was a host of merry mood. "Think of it, I find my wife reading to the boys, 'And then my heart with rapture thrills, and dances with the daffodils.' Imagine my boys listening to that!" And he began to "dance with the daffodils" himself.

With Mr. Brooks we had the talk I desired about political irresponsibility among the idle rich, plenty of invective for them that evening from T. R. The Roosevelts in all their branches had spare money, but no ostentation or interest in luxury and style of living. Even in those days of many servants, when Mrs. Lowell called on the Governor for an important discussion, he asked her to wait in the dining room "with an eye to the sideboard." "I have to see all kinds of people and my sister's things are mostly family silver."

I was invited to lunch when I went to Albany for a suffrage hearing. Mr. Roosevelt had voted for suffrage during his first term in the Legislature, but the subject was not mentioned during lunch. When I was leaving, the Governor came to the door

FAMILY VISTA

and began a torrent about Cuba and Puerto Rico. I replied by beginning to recite, "Simon Danz has come home again, from cruising about with his buccaneers." He took it up, finishing the poem with gusto.

Once while he was governor our seats in a drawing-room car adjoined. The topic between us was brothers: two of mine, Winthrop and William, both great cronies, especially in The Boon and Crocket Club, and then his brother Eliot. "Now Eliot was not like me. He was not a prig. You know, Miss Chanler, I on the contrary was a prig." Indeed, that was well known, and on he went dressing up like a prig.

While the Roosevelts were in the White House I once took a long walk with Mrs. Roosevelt, always so witty and unexpected under the quietest of demeanor. Her husband told us that one night in a small hotel she saw a mouse suddenly hit the wall. "Why, Theodore! Where did you get that mouse?" "In my hair, it woke me up." "But, Theodore, a mouse would only want very little of your hair for its nest, you know." One can see where the Roosevelt boys got their penchant for putting live animals in the bathrooms at Sagamore Hill.

1 1

The house we rented for the long session of Congress was very large, with an upstairs drawing-room and balcony across, on Farragut Square. So many of our family and friends wanted to stay with us and see their friends in Washington that life was constantly varying. The Jack Chapmans came; my aunt Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was with us for Easter; in came John Hay with Henry Adams to call on her; and we had to give a dinner for the Speaker of the House Mr. Henderson and his charming wife as well as many lesser members of Congress.

We saw Mr. Adams often. My brother had known him intimately during the pre-Cuban War winter, and he knew

many of the people who stayed with us and those I took him to see. His interest in what I was doing for an Army Nurse Corps was incessant, and he wanted to be kept *au courant* of my brother's committee work. One of my guests had a small daughter who went with her mother to visit Mr. Adams; he immediately threw open for her the doors of a low cupboard containing nothing but toys. This was the disastrous winter for the Hay-Pauncefort Treaty. I never referred to it, but almost daily I met Mr. Adams and Mr. Hay walking and talking, the older man seeming to supply all the energy and life. Most old people let you feel what they have lost, but Henry Adams lived in easy harmony with so many people and their interests that you felt no loss at all.

The families of the embassies added much to Washington life. Lord Pauncefort had four daughters who were much liked. The Boer War was going on and many people calling on the British Embassy were frankly pro-Boer in quite a childish way. Lady Pauncefort told me, "One of my girls is generally here to turn the subject for me." Even more trying was the sympathy expressed when battles went against the English — "If they could only realize that we do not want sympathy while in a neutral country!"

Following the war in 1898, Spain sent as ambassador the Duc d'Arcos, his duchess being an American, which was, of course, a very welcome piece of tact. The story went that her father, a Loring of Philadelphia, would not at first allow his daughter to marry a foreigner. Many years later, on the eve of their wedding, the duke asked his bride, "Where is the casket I put in your hands when we parted, as a wedding present when I expected you to marry an American?" The casket was on hand; it contained the d'Arcos family jewels, which well became the duchess' great beauty.

One evening at dinner the duke recalled an amusing inci-

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dent during his first appointment as a member of the Spanish Legation in Washington. In those days the city enjoyed evening receptions to which the young people walked. The crossings were apt to be muddy. "A young lady escorted by one of my colleagues stopped at such a crossing, saying, 'This one is really too disgusting!' To my friend this was a challenge, and he picked her up and deposited her on the other side of the street. But she stamped her foot, exclaiming that foreigners were insufferable — 'No American would. . . .' Suddenly she found herself back on the original side of the street again, having been picked up a second time by the now equally angry escort."

Washington then had not attracted enough people able to entertain that the guests were widely distributed. There was still a *corps d'elite*, and it seemed the custom to give elderly statesmen one young neighbor at dinner. The men would be chaffing one another across the table in the many houses where they felt at home. Senator Wolcott from Colorado was certain to make any dinner amusing — "Listen to the squeak at the top of those six feet; we sawed-offs get the voices." Justice and Mrs. Grey rarely dined alone, and I treasure his many stories about Lincoln taking cases on circuit and other amusing insights into Supreme Court usage.

Precedence and orderly sequence, of course, are necessary, but maturity should not lash itself into fury over them. When the statue of Daniel Webster was dedicated, with Senator Lodge the orator, we were in a theatre not large enough to hold both the Senate and the House. Our legislators took themselves very seriously, many absenting themselves because of the seating difficulties. I have seen heavy people, refusing to sit solidly behind someone lower in official rank, take two small gold chairs elsewhere and come down on the floor. Or, seeing your wife preceding you into dinner might not be as

"correct" as giving her your arm and thereby leaving the wife of a Cabinet member standing alone under the chandelier. The President came to the rescue — "Quite right, Senator. I like nothing better than having Mrs. Roosevelt on my arm."

The wives or ladies of Congress received largely in hotel groups. I suggested making it geographical groups, as I really could not associate people with the name of a hotel. Mrs. Foraker advised against my plan, saying it might lead to senators' wives having to pay a visit first in order to get them all in. Mrs. Parsons (Elsie Clews) later started the Congressional Women's Club while her husband was a member of Congress, hoping such an organization might break down the tiresome insistence on these calls.

There were many forward-looking measures which made debates and hearings interesting: Senator Newlands' irrigation project for the West, Gifford Pinchot's conservation program. Sectional narrowness was diminishing, the average congressman traveling widely through the United States when Congress would adjourn. A New York congressman told me this was the most surprising fact he found in Washington: "They all seem to have been everywhere in this vast country." I remember my brother returning all the railroad passes he received, saying, "I must be free if I have to vote on railroads."

The debate over our guardianship of the Philippines was in full cry, Senator Beveridge opposing, Senator Wolcott approving. When I saw the number of Japanese dotting Manila Streets like commas on a page, I realized that if we left the Philippines, Spain would be succeeded there by Japan. However, a career in colonialism was new for us and seemingly contradicted our freeing of Cuba — so the debate was interesting, the vote uncertain. We remained.

I was dismayed by the lack of interest in good music by a number of people who would not give up dinners for evening

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concerts; this seemed especially strange in a city with a cultivated foreign element. Similarly, the faculties of the colleges and universities were not often seen. John Jay Chapman, spending a few days with us, remarked, "You who live here cannot realize the number of rays focused on Washington, all of which cross each other, blending forces which tend to annihilate each other."

1 1

I had first entered the White House when beautiful Mrs. Cleveland received the suffrage convention in 1894. We did not see the President. They lived very quietly. I was told in Washington that when the President decided not to follow precedent and spend his summers in 'The Soldiers' Home, it was suggested that the two Misses Peters living in their beautiful family house in Georgetown might rent it to them. But might they perhaps call themselves, conferring an honor upon these relicts of Colonial standards, where so many early Presidents had been entertained?

Miss Peters was in her drawing-room and, after a few gracious remarks, asked, "Have you been long in Washington?"

They were not recognized; newspaper photography was too modern. As soon as possible, one of them said, "My dear, I think we should not detain Miss Peters any longer," and the Clevelands left, a little disconcerted.

1 1

I was soon asked to take on the chairmanship of a nationwide movement to establish an Army Nurse Corps. This appointment on a strictly non-partisan basis gave me my own footing in Congress from which to work for the measure.

During the winter of 1899-1900, Mrs. McLean assembled the wives of both Senate and House in her great mansion. On

that occasion I explained the national scope of the bill. This was the first time such a meeting had been called. Several senators disapproved, thinking it might create an awkward precedent. Their wives dutifully stayed away, and so far as I know did not help in their States to pass the Army Nurse Act.

Neither did Surgeon-General Sternberg want an Army Nurse Corps. But it was the frightful loss of life at Camp Black, Camp Montauk, and other camps of the Spanish War that aroused the country. In all of our cities a drunken man carried to a hospital was assured of expert care. The men who had volunteered for the military defense of their country were left to the mercies of hospital corps men who had received only three months' training. All over the country committees sprang up to work for a change. Some from the nursing profession, some from the public. The national organization was soon formed, and we obtained hearings for representative nurses before the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate, of which General Hawley was chairman. I spoke at a great Baltimore meeting with Dr. Osler and Dr. Welch. The first bill had been prepared in New York by Dr. Billings, but a substitute was offered when Secretary Elihu Root took us on and introduced the plan of an Army Nurse Corps in his Army reorganization bill.

During this period Mrs. Beale, James G. Blaine's able daughter, was my efficient secretary. We were in constant consultation with Miss Louise Lee Schuyler, the veteran leader of the Civil War Sanitary Commission.

I came to know most of the Administration families. I called on every congressman's wife, and of course on the smaller number of the wives of senators, in all several hundred women. Our rented house was suitable for entertaining so that the serious business of the Army Nurse Corps did not deprive the long

winter session of many pleasures, among them our visitors, including Mr. John Bigelow on an important errand. I first saw Mr. Bigelow, President Lincoln's Minister to Paris, when he was presiding at a Constitutional Convention in Albany in 1894. He was a magnificent figure in proportions, height, head and countenance. Unfortunately, the voice was weak. He was a suffragist.

I stayed many times at The Squirrels and Mr. Bigelow returned my visits, coming to ROKEBY. I saw him constantly in New York, and he stayed with us in Washington while my brother was in Congress. We had no idea that this guest had come on a particular errand. He said, "Chanler, I want Tilden's statue in the rotunda, and I want engraved thereon the words: ELECTED NINETEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

"But Mr. Bigelow, this Congress is overwhelmingly Republican. Mustn't we wait until there is a Democratic majority? Your request would be lost in committee, the New York delegation could get nowhere with it."

Mr. Charles Adams came to see Mr. Bigelow. I do not know whether the matter was referred to him or not, but they had a whole afternoon together. "I don't really enjoy Washington. I no longer want a house here. Too many of my friends are riding bronze horses."

His unmarried daughter Miss Grace Bigelow made his house delightful wherever it was. At one dinner party I overheard her father say from his end of the table, "But, Grace, we are Democrats." Her talents were not political. "Who is the Roman Legion?" asked Senator Wolcott the first time he saw her. She always seemed the right age for the person talking to her — a tiny great-niece or some hoary survivor. I made an amusing mistake once. I took Mr. Bigelow to call on a lady of his generation, Mrs. Briggs, at Cruger's Island, the daughter

of a mayor of New York. Her first remark was, "Mr. Bigelow, I think you knew my father." Of course he did, but he found himself placed in a still older generation. Could coquetry survive into the nineties?

WORK IN THE FAR EAST

Opposition to an Army Nurse Corps took the form of letters received by the War Department criticizing the Red Cross nurses in Luzon in the Philippines. The letters said the nurses were not wanted by the doctors there, that they went for amusement, etc., etc. Very damaging. It was evident that if one of our Washington committee were to go to Manila and return with first hand accounts to the contrary we should be troubled no more with that form of opposition. I could go, and I sailed with a companion from San Francisco on June 1, 1900.

Late in the spring I had sat next to Mr. Root at a dinner at Senator and Mrs. Wetmore's. The Secretary said: "Miss Chanler, I wish you would write to me if you find anything I should know about the Army Medical Corps in the Philippines. I will give you a letter of introduction to General MacArthur."

We were on an Army transport which touched at Guam to put off a sailmaker, and I got down to rocks at the East End where it is said feathers may be found from all the varieties of birds which rest there between South America and Japan. The month went by pleasantly, the officer commanding troops on board being one of the Morris family. He had been in Alaska when we took it over from Russia, which was interesting to hear about.

Our entry into Manila Bay was very dramatic. We met transports leaving for the Allied advance in China against the Boxers. I believe the troops going to this Rebellion, as it

was called, were the Ninth and Fourteenth Infantry with Colonel Riley's battery. The Boxers were killing missionaries, and all the diplomats in Peking had to take refuge in the British Legation there.

All the Army doctors in Manila whom I called upon were astonished and distressed to hear of adverse reports against their few and devoted nurses. The doctors who had opposed me in Puerto Rico two years before said, "Why they even nurse beriberi without flinching. We are to a man for Army women nurses, for an Army Nurse Corps!" The few officers' wives who had reached Manila entertained the nurses who of course were a tried and well-experienced group. They themselves made the rule on arriving that not one of them would ever be seen driving on the Lunetta with an officer.

The next place for me to visit was Dagoupan, and there was far-off Appari. How could Miss Livingston and I visit the distant coastal posts? Arranging to travel only by day, we were sent on a small Spanish gunboat manned by two lieutenants just out of West Point. General Bell and General Young both welcomed our inspection, asking for double the number of nurses they had. We were expected, our rooms on shore were engaged; except for the constant drenching thunder storms, all went easily.

We were soon in the country of the Igorotes, headhunters who all looked like the pictures of St. John the Baptist. I attended a murder trial conducted by the Judge Advocate's department. It seems that Igorotes must have human heads in the circle around which they dance at a certain quarter of the moon. It is against etiquette to procure these heads in your own village. The wives of the accused testified at the trial that their husbands had each been ill in bed the night of the alleged murders. There were also the widows testifying that

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in bright moonlight they watched the killings and now identified the prisoners as the murderers. I felt it odd that long Spanish occupation had not stamped out anything so barbarous.

We were part of the time in the country of the Tabacoleria, over which always flew the French flag, tobacco in Luzon being largely owned in France. We met little open bullock carts filled with the payday silver coins running between bank and factory. The officials said not a peso was ever taken out of a cart.

The natives we met were friendly, if their shirts were tucked in. A shirt not tucked in was probably worn by an *insurrecto*, who might throw a machete. We rode on the trail taken when Aguinaldo was retreating before our Army. Among the American prisoners with Aguinaldo was a salesman for Pabst's Beer. He managed to cut PABST in the bark of enough trees to guide the rescuing party. Mrs. Aguinaldo was with them. Her little saddle was on a pony I rode one day.

We visited Cabaruan, a bamboo village, where the children acted out a Crusader's play for us. The taller boys represented the Saracens and shorter, much younger ones their conquering Christians.

One evening we looked in on a solemn little ball where couples were waltzing *adagio* to Schubert's "Serenade."

We came across Negritos lent during childhood as household servants. The officer's wife with whom we lunched one day had one waiting on her two little girls. Very black with wooly head was Hyacinth. When marriageable she would be returned to her family.

1 1

My inspection mission was accomplished. A delightful month had passed with every co-operation imaginable. The

question now was, should I go south to Illo Illo or turn to Japan and meet further adventure which might bring me some service for the American Red Cross in the Boxer Rebellion?

To go would be easy because Mrs. Emerson Liscum was leaving Manila for Nagasaki, hoping to be able to reach China where her husband had been buried following the battle of Tientsin. My decision was for Nagasaki, and there to my astonishment I found I could stay with an American friend, a daughter of General Richards, in charge of our Veterans Hospital in Maine, who was married to an Englishman in the Jardine Matheson Co.

The harbor of Nagasaki was filled with the vessels of Allied navies. Wounded men from China as well as the sick from Manila were there, to be transferred to transports going home to San Francisco. I saw the need for a small depot hospital, and I made one available in a villa on a hill above the city I rented from a French convent. Drugs had to be assembled at Kobe; this required a week or so, which gave me a chance to continue as far as Nikko and Lake Chusenzi. I was in the Tokio mob the evening of the day news came that the relief of Peking was accomplished. Wearing my Red Cross brassard, I was occasionally smiled upon otherwise not noticed by the joyful multitude.

Our minister to Japan was Colonel Buck whom I had known in Atlanta. Mrs. Buck being in the summer diplomatic colony on Lake Chusenzi, Colonel Buck arranged for a rickshaw with reliable carriers who took me there and brought me back the next day via unforgettable Nikko.

Then came the arranging of my little hospital, for which I secured a Red Cross nurse on her way to Manila — fortunately, for my first and only patient was a desperately ill general.

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A nun also slept at the hospital and helped in the kitchen.

Knowing of the Surgeon-General's resistance to an Army Nurse Corps, the doctors were all afraid to accept my depot. A transport sailed from Nagasaki with just the number of patients on board that I had beds for. Through friends on board I followed upon what happened to them—they all died on the Pacific.

Meanwhile, through Mrs. Liscum I met the quartermaster in Nagasaki. I told him I had hoped to be of some use in China but would never enter his office; that if he had transportation for me I would accept his offer. Very soon came his message that I could have a stateroom, that Mrs. Dean from *Town Topics* was leaving too. Of course I realized that I could not be in her publicity, and I declined. Finally, on a transport so far from full that I had a stateroom all to myself, I sailed for Taku with Mrs. Liscum and young Mrs. Gibson whose husband was at Peking.

August 20, 1901

MRS. HARRIET BLAINE BEALE:

I am in the Inland Sea of Japan in a typhoon. I hope by writing letters to avoid a dreary afternoon on my back. This is the first storm since I left New York on May 24, so don't pity me.

I had a splendid month in Luzon, sailing for Japan on August 1 on a transport. We arrived on the 5th. I rented a hospital, had a road made up to it (there was only a path), and went to Kobe for hospital supplies. Incidentally, I cabled the Red Cross in New York: "Imperative supplies Taku Hospital Nagasaki what funds?" Twelve days later I still had no answer.

WORK IN THE FAR EAST

Well, I sent word to China that I can take 60 or 80 patients, and run up north while waiting for them. It has been maddening to fly across Japan, as it were, in a nightmare, seizing temples by the throat while I may glance at them.

In Tokio I was alternately meditating on Buddhist verities and sitting with the American minister, a hospitable couple between us.

I found the surgeon from the Japanese who had been in Puerto Rico. Together we visited the Red Cross Hospital, and I learned the local manner of making surgical dressings; very thorough.

I am longing to have you and Mrs. Cowles hear the details of my road-making and supply-ordering in this foreign land.

I have been to Nikko and Chusingi in the mountains; lofty, holy places where all the trees are beautiful and the temples noble enough for the stars to worship in them. Yesterday I went to a great manufacturing town Osaka to find a bronze fountain for ROKEBY, made like a lotus flower which I saw in a temple court. Speaking of lotus, this is the season when they bloom in the Tokio moats. I have had a sight of them flushing the green water.

My ideas on Japanese geography were scant and vague. I must say I expected more beauty, probably more color, after the flaming tropics. The drop is very great, and it took my eyes a full week to admire what they could see here. Of course, it is the country above all others where one uses such words as subtle and illusive. The typhoon at present is minor. In such places as Kioto, where I didn't see a European,

and Nikko beauty is all pervasive. You would probably come direct from America and get the *coup d'oeil* I have missed.

I have been in several of the principal cities, gone up and now down the Inland Sea, traveling by train twenty-four hours in the daytime. The rest of Japan, the travel dear Mrs. Hobson planned with Miss Sidmore, I must abandon if I succeed in this hospital work.

Of course, if the Army takes over the hospital my heart's desire is to buy supplies and take them to Peking before going home. We hear the city has capitulated and the refugees are returning to Tientsin and Shanghai. Last week it looked as if our Army must be in China all winter.

You can imagine how interesting it is to be on the edge of it all: the Allies, the wounded of their armies, refugees of every nation. The wounded I have talked with from Tientsin (the transport that brought us from Manila took in sixty) gave me rumors and counter-rumors. It is not easy to believe that we have now merely a diplomatic incident.

The ship I am on is due in Nagasaki tomorrow morning if the storm abates. The French crew has closed every window where china and glass are smashing. They talk of putting into port at night.

I shall not mail this until I can tell you that patients have come to me. I found a naval officer's widow, who made all these trips with me. I have not been alone. Occasionally a Japanese asks where my gentleman is. They are appeased when I say "Red

WORK IN THE FAR EAST

Cross," *Sacri Juji*. My spelling may be wrong but that is the way it sounds.

You must have thought of my delight at being on this side of the world when the dawn has come up with thunder out of China. I should have had such a long way to come had I not already been in Manila.

I hope Mrs. Blaine has been well and Bar Harbor delightful.

Affectionately,

MARGARET CHANLER

NIKKO

*Upon a hillside long majestic stairs
Lead us to courts where princes have been laid
To rest. Here bells and gongs with somber airs
Announce the holy doors. Strange feet are stayed
Upon the threshold, but your eyes may see
The molten glory of an inner space,
The soaring dragons on a golden sea,
Their carven lotos blooming with a grace
Of living fragrance. To successive fanes
The guardian leading, here and there the tone
Of priest for pilgrim praying sounds the strains
Of earthly weakness; but o'er all is thrown
So great a beauty supernatural
The stars in heav'n could worship and not fall.*

Nagasaki, Sept. 7

I have been too angry to send my letter. Transports come but without authority to use my hospital, although there is no other hospital, and some of the

FAMILY VISTA

men, too ill to go further, died. Today I am going to China with Mrs. Liscum. I hope to send or bring patients. Here in Nagasaki I found Mrs. Henson, sister of Amy Richards. They invited me to leave the hotel and stay with them.

MARGARET

Mrs. Liscum was expected at Taku and the train was waiting for our short ride to Tientsin where we were received by Dr. and Mrs. Walker at the Methodist Mission, the hotel there being Russian headquarters.

The Walkers were delightful hosts and our days in Tientsin were full of incident. Every morning I could hear the confused voices in the courtyard from Chinese Christians who had been trekking before the Boxers all summer. No family returned whole and they came begging for lost ones. I found myself living in the age of The Apostles. There was a child of two unable to understand the "danger" of Christian hymns. A Chinese family sheltering her would hear the child's "Jesus loves me that I know, for the Bible tells me so," and come running in, crying "You must get away before a Boxer hears that!" On they went, soon burying a younger child for want of milk.

Five school girls in Tientsin were buried alive singing hymns, refusing to recant. A boy watching them had recanted earlier. He then offered himself: "Burn me too, I really am a Christian." But he was pushed aside with the words: "Enough for today!"

I had never been much interested in foreign missions; these experiences made me ashamed of myself.

1 1

Shantung Peninsula was too near. The Russians might be in Korea, the French in far-off Annam, the Germans might not seize Shantung. Killing off Christians was only part of the scheme, not the main objection. The Empress of China did not want to start international trouble, but she was evidently glad to have it precipitated by Chinese ruffians. They must have been from an enormous Chinese nation. Their uniforms were only aprons, nothing in the rear. I brought one home for Mr. Root. A flap down each leg, the color black and red.

In Tientsin at that time were the armies of the world. Cossacks by the thousands enlisted for life at fifty cents a month, each sleeping at the side of his horse on the prairie. They and the orderly Japanese were the most numerous. England fighting the Boer War sent a contingent largely Hindu. The Germans and most of the French arrived after the siege had been raised. There were Italians and our Americans under General Chaffee.

An American sergeant was given charge of the drinking-water detail. I would sit in a rickshaw hearing him distribute it with appropriate slang to the pigskins and other receptacles. American soldiers were the only forces payed while in Tientsin, so they alone could get intoxicated. It was their daily habit to hang long arms over the wall, scraping their plates off for the Chinese children standing open-mouthed and hungry below. We were at once the most efficient, the kindest and the most troublesome element.

The Russians served their troops hot food on the march. After skinning, a whole sheep was thrust into a stove on wheels and eaten *sans ceremonie* at fatigue moments. The soldiers did not wear heels. It was sinister to have large detachments walk silently by.

The English regiments from India had some officers in

FAMILY VISTA

chain mail like that of the Crusaders — beautifully picturesque. We were asked to be careful never to come between a Hindu and a sunbeam; he might have on his person something to eat which would then be contaminated.

I have a French hospital post card asking their soldiers to be polite only to the Chinese Christian women: "Protect them as we do."

I visited all the hospitals by appointment with an Army doctor, coming in for some parade hours too. Could I help in any way? Yes, I could buy a bolt of cloth for the hospital then filled with converts returning like those in the Methodist Mission. One Sunday I went to a Union service. When the sound of one voice changed to many I thought the Boxers were upon us. The Lord's Prayer in four-toned Chinese is not mellifluous. *Ma* for *mother* changes into "corn" or "pony" according to the sound with which it is spoken.

1 1

Dr. Pike at the Mission was a great Chinese scholar and a most delightful person. Both women doctors there were also highly educated. One of them, Dr. Benn, had been on crutches since early childhood. She attended the women of Li Hung Chang's household and those of other mandarins, never going to the men's side of an establishment. Once she found herself therein, a great parlor and two officials. Her host apologized for breaking the rule of the Methodist Mission. "You are not here to heal, only to explain to this mandarin how you could put life into his son born dead. In a few moments you had him breathing."

I entered the parlor one day when a small child asked a question about me and everyone laughed. I learned later that he had asked, "Is she a Friendly or a Boxer?"

Outside that Mission I would be among the soldiers of the world; Frederick the Great would gladly have returned to see this first meeting of the armies from East and West. Meanwhile, I was accomplishing nothing.

At last General Chaffee came down the river from Peking and called upon Mrs. Liscum. I was introduced and my hopes stated. The General said, "I no longer have the power to prevent a lady from going to Peking. On her way she would see many Chinese, some covered, other partially covered." General Chaffee, just relieved from the first order after saving the diplomats, spoke to the point in a strong Southern accent.

I had told Dr. Laurie, the younger woman doctor, and Mark the Christian that I would take them to inquire after their friends in Peking if they would have a boat to take us. One had to be prepared. We left that evening for Tonchu, less than a hundred miles away, but we slept on board three nights. Our crew hauled us when there was no wind. We stopped every day to let them rest and walk about.

Once I heard: "*Leve tes yeux et regardes cesquice passe devant toi.*" Alas, the sentinel and another were standing over a drowned French soldier whom they were scolding.

Dr. Laurie found, washed and fed an old woman who told her, "You have been sent to replace my son. I welcome you."

Down the river came a spruce, speeding launch carrying a Russian admiral, everyone in shining duck. The river was full of cargo boats for which we stood aside. There were plenty of bedbugs and I was thankful to reach Tongku. An Army wagon conveyed us the short distance to Peking. We were soon gazing at the Wall. Entering the city, we went to the Palace of the Fourth Prince which had been allotted to those missionaries who had helped defend the British Legation during the siege.

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I called upon Mrs. Conger at our Legation and was invited to occupy their spare room on the ground floor. Early the next morning I overheard: "Come in, Joen Jacob Astor. Come in to breakfast." The wife of one of our Secretaries was descended from a half-sister and had given the name of our mutual ancestor to one of her little boys. She had heard who I was and took this way of informing me.

My brother Lewis, playing dominoes with Aunt Laura in Geneva at that time, wondered where I might be. "My dear Lewis," she told him, "wherever she is, Margaret has found a relative. We may be sure of that."

Mr. and Mrs. Conger had with them a daughter and a niece. Old and young were constantly in the pleasant parlors and a guest would be included in every pleasant plan. Once I declined. Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee had arrived. Outranking all who had borne the burden of relief, he finally had come to take charge. Would I join the Legation ladies going to meet him? Each Army and diplomatic corps would be in the procession. I said no. I was not official. It would have been very hard for me to take part in this pompous farce.

I did not feel I could approach the military hospital in the Temple of Agriculture without invitation. I met all seven of the doctors with our contingent and asked whether women nurses from those now in Tientsin would be applied for, in view of the probable pneumonia in the coming winter. Northern China was certain to be bitter after the Philippines. But I saw that fear of the Surgeon-General reigned here without exception.

Peking was divided among the nations, the United States and Germany contiguous. Now Chinese women scuttled over the Wall every night, but our soldiers did not molest them. One morning a deputation brought an honorific umbrella to

Mr. Conger from the inhabitants in the section. The next day we heard much laughter from his reception rooms. The same Chinese were back. "Sir, we come to measure your umbrella. Honorable gentleman from Field-Marshal demand larger umbrella."

Mr. Pethick kindly rode with me around the Wall. Four hours, I think. I was taken first to see the Imperial City, each room a separate building. From there the Empress escaped to the mountains, outwitting our generals who thought a lady should not be disturbed in the night. On August 12 I saw every sign of haste in the apartments, untouched since.

In one building the Emperor took his afternoon rest. There was a divan and around it piles of black lacquer tablets, each some six inches long and bearing on it a poem written in gold. I should have liked to have one.

I was taken on a picnic to the Summer Palace near the famous marble boat in the Italian sector. Policing did not seem to prevent the following of the Chinese custom taking what was wanted.

Mrs. Squires invited me to accompany her when she visited the Forbidden City where the French Mission had to hold out several days longer. It was come upon accidentally by the Japanese contingent. A young Austrian priest who had once done military duty assumed the defense at the entrance with ten men, each taking turns at the gate. Inside they starved and died but the guard was never overcome. A miracle.

Buildings including the church were badly damaged.

"Monsignor, how can this be restored?"

"My daughter, I have already published in Europe my need of rice for our starving converts."

Mr. Conger kindly went with me to the Zungli Yaman, the Foreign Office. He was known to the man in charge.

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"This," said the American minister, "was my seat."

"Yes, Mr. Minister, and if Baron Kettler had not come at the original hour, refusing the postponement, your assassin standing behind that particular chair would have prevented your bringing this lady today."

During the spring of 1900 the Chinese bandits began drilling outside the Walls of Peking. The German ambassador Baron von Kettler who knew Chinese understood all the insults. He finally ordered his legation guards to shoot down the drillers. His confrères objected but he said, "You do not understand the insults hurled at us." He was shot down on July the Fourth.

In October the German field-marshal commanded the funeral, bringing the Baroness from the British Legation, placing her rickshaw at the fatal spot. Fortunately her mind was deranged, for her friends told me she did not take in what was happening.

Mr. Conger also took me up on the bit of wall overlooking the British Legation, so magnificently held by the United States Marines under Colonel Meyer. There were still the sandbags made by all the women in the Legation, at first of coarse material, eventually of imperial brocades. As the siege progressed the sandbags had to be piled higher and higher. If the Chinese had rushed that piece of wall they would have made short work of the Legation below.

Mr. Conger cut off for me two little pieces of brocade, one with the imperial five-clawed dragon woven in it. Sewing handbags were a godsend to the women penned in the small English chapel and other crowded quarters. My impression is that the building assigned to them required that Mr. Conger sleep on the porch. They had with them an old Chinese Christian who was assigned the duty of sitting at the entrance to

pick up news. There was only one death, a small child from the poor diet.

Nothing could have been more incongruous than that enforced population rescued by the English. Some were surprised by British values, such as the pride taken by the English that Queen Victoria's portrait was never hit though occasional shot splattered the room in which she hung.

The Chinese shooting down on them took an afternoon nap which allowed some of them to do the same. I remember one napless American saying, "Funny, wasn't it? Sir Claude he slept."

I also saw Lucknow. The defense there was much more complicated.

One day Li Hung Chang announced that he was calling. Mr. Conger said, "Should he ask to see Mrs. Conger and the young ladies you must all be on hand." This did not happen. Their health was asked after and regret for the siege expressed. I remember hearing that the mandarin stumbled slightly at the threshold of the drawing room. Mr. Pethwick, head of our consular college for decades, heard him say to his attendant: "On reaching home you go into boiling oil." The attendant should have noticed that the doorsill was a little raised.

Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald left for England in October. A dinner was given for them at which I sat opposite Lady MacDonald and General Chaffee. On my right was Colonel Shiba, commander of the Japanese contingent. He talked about relieving the French Mission by chance, saying how glad he was that "I Buddhist relieve you Christian. Good for both."

I heard Lady MacDonald say, "General Chaffee, I am so glad to have this opportunity to say that we realize you alone

FAMILY VISTA

saved us by insisting on not delaying in Tientsin. We know now our Legation was mined and was to be blown up on an 'auspicious date' — the day after you arrived. Of course, the astrologers consulted found the stars making that date important. The Chinese mistook the astrology, assuming it to be on their side. A great day indeed when the Allies were to swarm in on us."

As she spoke I remembered General Chaffee's interpreter Colonel Wint had said, "General, they have decided to wait for two weeks, bringing up their quartermasters' supplies from Taku."

"Tell them," was the answer, "that I go tomorrow."

Consternation was followed by the Japanese saying they would go with the Americans; then a final decision to all go together, with a delay of two or three days after the conference.

Lady MacDonald had gone to India the wife of a young Army officer with two children. Her husband and both children died there of cholera. A few years later she married an officer in the same regiment and had two other daughters who were both in China during the siege. Sir Claude was extremely delicate but did not allow that to prevent his incessant care of all who came to be sheltered by him.

1 1

Meanwhile, days were passing without my seeming to be more useful than when I arrived. Finally, General Chaffee said he would take me with him on an inspection of our hospitals. We drove in an ambulance to the Temple of Agriculture, each building of which had one side open to fall winds and chilly nights. There far below the high roofs lay our sick and wounded.

WORK IN THE FAR EAST

I said to one sergeant, "Have you any typhoids?"

"Typhoids? Oh yes," and he indicated several cots not placed together, just distributed along the ward. I went to one of them occupied by a Harvard medical student who, seeing my Red Cross brassard, gave me some sad details.

In the kitchen I asked to see the diet list.

"What is that?" asked the cook.

"Something they have in Manila," interrupted another cook.

General Chaffee was evidently disturbed on hearing he had typhoid in the camp.

Evening came, daughter and niece playing cards with two of General Wilson's very young aides just out of West Point. I told Mrs. Conger what I had seen on the hospital inspection. To my surprise the next day, General Wilson sent a grizzled sergeant, a veteran like himself of the Civil War. "Please, Miss, I am to take notes so as to improve conditions in the Temple of Agriculture." A few days later arrangements were made for the arrival from Tientsin of four of the nurses left there by General Chaffee in June. My fear for winter pneumonias vanished. I could leave.

The Dowager Empress of Russia had sent a two-hundred-or-more-bed hospital, set up in a Peking palace with invitations to all the Allied armies. Only Russian doctors were to prescribe for or operate on patients. Nostalgia being a large part of illness in soldiers, this hospitality was never accepted. I found no nationality would have been ready to do otherwise, to share a hospital with doctors of another nationality. Here was something for the International Red Cross to discuss and to possibly overcome.

For some reason or other, Mrs. Liscum was still waiting in Tientsin, a sad place for her. Her husband, a veteran of the Civil War with command in action during his service in

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Luzon, had found himself under the orders of a British engineer officer who had never seen action but who had received a cable making him a general — something our War Department had not thought of doing for Colonel Liscum.

I will not go into the distribution ordered by the general, leading our troops as they advanced, their colonel killed seizing the flag from the fallen color-bearer.

Finally I heard that arrangements were being made for departure and I asked for my stateroom on the same transport. We embarked on the last ship expected to leave before March, so early and for so long is the harbor of Taku frozen. With Colonel Liscum's body taken from its temporary grave on that shore, we were put in a launch and approached the transport whose captain megaphoned down, "Too much wind for you to come alongside." The answer was, "Please put down your ladders." Fortunately one of the returning nurses was slightly deaf and had not understood; she advanced up a ladder and we followed. All the wounded and sick were taken on board.

That evening I heard a dinner had been given the quartermaster who thereafter locked himself in his cabin. Why not take this opportunity to see whether the colonel's body was safely on board? General Wilson's aides investigated and reported to him that it was not. During the night the coffin was found on another transport, from which it was brought to ours, thereby obviating what would have been embarrassing for the Army when we reached San Francisco and the long overland journey began to Arlington. Mrs. Liscum never heard of the error.

We made a good crossing. I was home for Thanksgiving.

✓ ✓

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON.

My dear Miss Chandler:

I send you a copy of a report from the Surgeon General on the subject of your letter of February sixteenth about the Nagasaki hospital accommodations. I am very sure the Surgeon General is sincerely desirous to do everything that ought to be done. He expressed to me orally a strong desire to talk with you directly on the subject. Can you not come in some morning and have a talk with him?

Faithfully yours,

Wm. D. Taft

Secretary of War.

Miss Margaret Livingston Chandler,
1215 Nineteenth Street,
Washington, D.C.

February twenty-six.
Nineteen hundred and one.

WAR DEPARTMENT, SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON, *February 25, 1901*

TO THE HONORABLE SECRETARY OF WAR
SIR:

Referring to the letter from Miss Margaret Livingston Chanler, dated February 16th, I have the honor to report as follows:

On February 15th I cabled to Captain Rand, Assistant Surgeon U.S. Army, at Nagasaki, as follows: "How many sick from transports can be cared for in private hospitals? Make all necessary arrangements and report. You and your assistants will be ordered to San Francisco. Acknowledge receipt by telegraph." The next day I received the following answer:

"Cable received, can run as private notwithstanding personnel, discipline easy, call it American, accommodate twenty-two now, limit other hospitals thirty-five, have quantities commissaries and supplies."

On February 18th I cabled him: "Proceed with arrangements; make full report by mail."

As Dr. Rand has with him ample medical supplies and five female nurses I judge that he has been able to take care of any sick men who up to the present time have been landed from transports at Nagasaki as being in urgent need of hospital treatment. I hope to receive from Asst. Surgeon Rand within a short time a full report as to what provision has been made for the care of the sick. I will then be able to give him further instructions by cable if necessary.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE M. STERNBERG,

SURGEON GENERAL, U.S. ARMY

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON.

My dear Miss Charler:

The Surgeon General
says he would be very
glad to see you tomorrow,
Thursday, morning at half
past ten.

Faithfully yours,

Miss Root

Miss Margaret Livingston Charler,
1215- Nineteenth Street,
City

February twenty-seventh,
nineteen hundred and one.

FAMILY VISTA

In the course of the summer of 1900 I wrote to the Secretary of War a long account of conditions on the Islands. On my return from the Philippines to Washington I found myself greatly disliked. My letter had been stolen and given to the yellow press; I think this was in August when nobody knew where I was.

My supporters in the Army nurse organization were now doubtful of my discretion and consequently of my further value to their movement. Mrs. Cowles told me of the consternation arising from such an unaccountable act of "interference" on my part. It was not known that Mr. Root had requested me to write the letter. When some weeks later I sat again next to him, he remarked, "Miss Chanler, there is no such thing as a private letter to a public official." I said nothing.

It is my recollection that I had written that his admirable supply of medical stores sent to Taku had remained there, every other sort of provision having priority. I am sure that the letter as made public did not contain the information I wrote at Mr. Root's request.

This, then, was the result of my expedition to Manila and Peking.

/ /

From Peking I brought to the President a message from Mr. Conger. My brother arranged for an interview, and accompanied me. The message was soon given, and we turned to speak of a McKinley nephew whom I had seen in the Philippines.

Then came the congressman's turn. Mr. McKinley said to him: "Mr. Chanler, I hope you are now planning to remain

WORK IN THE FAR EAST

in Congress. It is dull for beginners, necessarily so but *some of us have remained.*"

As my brother was a Democrat, this was most kind from the Republican President. Unfortunately as it turned out, William's defeat of Lemuel Quigg caused a redistricting back home. The district that was left to him was gerrymandered into a Republican bailiwick and therefore William did not accept a second nomination.



MATURITY AND MARRIAGE



I OWN ROKEBY AND MARRY

WILLIAM'S Congressional term ended with the inauguration of William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. I returned immediately to New York. My sister's husband John Jay Chapman was entering upon his third and last nervous illness, a serious one. I brought them to ROKEBY for the first fifteen months of the period. With them came his three boys and their own infant son, together with five servants — all easily sheltered by the old home.

In a complete seclusion even from me, the patient was allowed to recover in his own way. He wanted to see his sons every morning and evening. Elizabeth spent most of the day with him. A medical student attended for the first few months.

In October my brother-in-law had made enough recovery for my sister to go with me to Buffalo for the Exposition. We saw it under the kind guidance of Mr. Milburn, with whom Mr. McKinley was staying when his life was taken. Our host recalled: "The President was insistent that no child should be disappointed. Often they dropped their hands instead of putting them out for the handshake. A Cabinet member and I stood on either side to help each child and keep the right hand in line with the President's. We were thus engaged when Czolgosz approached; we might otherwise have had some suspicion of the sling in which the assassin concealed his pistol. He shot. The President said, 'Did that man shoot me?' As he fell back into our arms, we replied, 'Yes, Mr. President.'"

Mr. Milburn liked to dwell on the quality of the Cabinet

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that assembled under his roof. They were such splendid individuals, he was sure. Mr. Root at the time betrayed not the slightest hint that he might have been Vice-President.

That autumn we tried to elect a reform government in New York City. The Women's Municipal League held a meeting in Carnegie Hall, at which I presided, for Jerome and Cyrus Sulzberger.

By May, Jack Chapman was well enough to spend his mornings under the pine trees, which he reached in an old-fashioned phaeton drawn by a Spanish mule. He had a rein with an iron weight attached, like the old doctor's buggy.

It was not so odd as to see my brother Robert plowing; the scholar who had just completed seven years of study in French studios, he had returned from Paris that year with some of his best screens.

Both were healing processes.

The Chapmans drove up to Onteora in the Catskills during July. Under their window at Saugerties a man spun slowly 'round and 'round, repeating, "Saugerties against the world." This was something to remember when Tom Lamont, an old Saugerties boy, was holding the international forts a few years later.

During the summer I too was absent. I had planned to be secretary to Miss Clara Barton at the convention of the International Red Cross in St. Petersburg.

Glen Echo, Maryland, April 14, 1902

MISS MARGARET CHANLER

325 WEST 82ND STREET, NEW YORK

MY DEAR MISS CHANLER:

Remembering your expressed willingness to come to see me again, in case it seemed advisable, I have

been meditating on the practicability of your doing so for the last two days, and today I receive a dispatch from Mr. Olney which shows me how earnest you are in your desire to go to the Conference, and decides me to write and ask or rather suggest that you come to me at my home at Glen Echo, where I am at present. If you decide to do so, I would advise that you *come direct* to me, visiting no one in the city. If you drop me a line, on receipt of this, telling me by *what train* — on *which road* you will arrive, some one shall meet and take you out, to save you the trouble of a trip of seven miles by yourself into the country.

Glen Echo is seven miles up the Potomac, reached by the F Street cars, making one change at Georgetown, but at this season they are running only once an hour, I fear; but if you ask to be left at "Red Cross," they will bring you safely and set you down at the end of a *long* board walk, which will lead you to my door. I give these particulars in case anything should prevent your being met at the station on your arrival, and you should decide to come out by yourself. It occurs to me, however, that a young lady who can go to China by herself will laugh at me for anticipating difficulty in her reaching a suburb of Washington city with trains or trolley cars.

Address me at Glen Echo, Maryland. We have two mails a day which are quite as good as telegrams, which are brought out by special messengers.

I pray you pardon so much detail, which only

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means that I am *very anxious* to see you here, and in that hope remain,

Very cordially yours,

CLARA BARTON

As it turned out, I had only forty-eight hours of the convention, being summoned to the deathbed of my mother's aunt Mrs. Franklin Delano in Geneva.

I read the cable at the hotel desk, and asked, "When does the next train leave for Germany, and so to Switzerland?"

The answer came: "Please, madame, Switzerland is suspect, and your leaving for that country would be quite so. However, the next express is only in two days. Your being with the Red Cross will probably enable me to make the arrangements."

I had gone with Miss Barton, hoping to start a movement for inviting doctors to send soldiers from their respective countries in Red Cross *hospitale*. I outlined such a plan in my description of the Russian hospital sent to Peking.

The Dowager Empress opened the Congress. In those days Russia adhered to the International Red Cross.

1 1

During Mr. Chapman's illness my sister and he decided that he would not be strong enough to spend long months in city life. Their need of a country place of their own was satisfied by purchase of a country place immediately north of ROKEBY. They chose their architect Mr. Charles Pratt, and left him to build the charming house Sylvania while they went abroad.

They wintered in Rome, where in the spring I joined them. Friends were kind; I recall addressing a room full of Roman ladies in the French language on a subject that was greatly

interesting them: modern philanthropy as practiced in New York. I should scarcely have ventured it before a French audience.

What I said to them seemed fantastic — this tale of money administered by women, of a women's auxiliary for civil service reform, requested by the men, etc., etc. "These things we do not have in Rome."

I brought home with me, to start at the Fay School, Jay Chapman, age seven. He returned to Italy with Victor Chapman for the summer holidays, and there he was drowned in a swift river. Again I crossed the Atlantic, meeting the bereaved Chapmans at Innsbruck.

Jay had been left to dress, after a swimming lesson by his tutor. He went to look for Victor and send a telegram to Mrs. Chapman; the boy must have slipped on wet boards. The Chapmans waited, and found him on the river bank three days later.

Jay's water colors were so remarkable that Robert Chanler considered him a genius. He said, "Jay has what all artists need but only the genius has; he can watch a sunset without getting excited by it." This was said at ROKEBY the summer before.

Fortunately, when the drowning occurred the Chapmans had with them as companion Mrs. Emma Curtis Hopkins, a mystic to whom this world and the next were one. She kept the blow from oversetting their minds, but Victor was in a stupor.

We traveled to Cherbourg; Jay's trunk had to be opened with the rest at customs. It was watched for when changing trains, each contact a crisis. In Paris I got Victor to practice hard riding daily. On reaching home I took him to St. Paul's in Concord, where he would find new fields, new associations.

Harvard followed, then Paris for architecture. As soon

as the First World War began he entered the Foreign Legion. Later he joined the Lafayette Squadron, one of the first corps of aviators, and fell over Bar-le-Duc in 1916.

. . . Victor Chapman was wounded. Considering the number of fights he had been in and the courage with which he attacked, it was a miracle he had not been hit before. He always fought odds and in the enemy's country. He flew more than any of us, never missing an opportunity to go up, and never coming down until his gasoline was giving out. His machine was a sieve of patched-up bullet holes. His nerve was almost superhuman and his devotion to the cause for which he fought sublime. The day he was wounded he attacked four machines. Swooping down from behind, one of them, a Fokker, riddled Chapman's plane. One bullet cut deep into his scalp, but Chapman, a master pilot, escaped from the trap and fired several shots to show he was still safe. A stability control had been severed by a bullet. Chapman held the broken rod in one hand, managed the machine with the other, and succeeded in landing on a nearby aviation field. His wound was dressed, his machine repaired, and he immediately took the air in pursuit of some more enemies. He would take no rest and with bandaged head continued to fly and to fight.

Chapman's last fight: Before leaving he had put two bags of oranges in his machine for Balsey. There was an aerial struggle far within the German lines and Chapman, to divert their fire from his comrades, engaged several enemy airmen at once. He sent one

tumbling to earth and forced the others off, when two more attacked him. Such a fight is a matter of seconds, and one cannot see what passes. Lufbery and Prince, whom Chapman had defended so gallantly, regained the French lines. They told us of the combat, and we waited on the field for Chapman's return. He was always the last one in, so we were not much worried. Then a pilot from another escadrille telephoned us that he had seen a Nieuport falling. A little later the observer of a reconnaissance plane called up and told us that he had witnessed Chapman's fall. The wings of the plane had buckled, he said, and it had dropped like a stone.*

Today he would have been a man of sixty, this world the better for his years of maturity. Wars destroy maturity of years far ahead. We mourn over the youthful dead; we should be terrified for their loss further on. The League of Nations, the United Nations, all progress is bereft of the slaughtered — not by earthquake or disease — by the insensate attacks of invading men.

The following tribute was published in the *Paris Herald* and in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*:

VICTOR EMMANUEL CHAPMAN

*On quiet roads I see you most
Where elm shoots branch and sumach grow.
Each tangle in the high hedge row
Clasps a strong greeting from your ghost.*

* From *Flying for France* by James R. McConnell (Doubleday, 1917). Reprinted by permission. Also reprinted in Hall and Nordhoff's *The Lafayette Flying Corps* (1920).

FAMILY VISTA

*On quiet roads you only came
Around their sudden turns at dawn,
Riding with gestures of a fawn
The swift-foot colt you would not tame.*

*The quiet roads received your soul,
A silent puzzle-headed boy
Whose pony was his only joy,
The long road home his only goal.*

*The quiet roads know naught of earth;
Our life, our death to them are one.
They look to see you in the sun.
Or where new stars are brought to birth.*

The Chapmans began their life at Sylvania with Conrad and little Chanler at home. Gradually Mr. Chapman began to write again, always in intimacy with French savants: Legouis, both the Reinachs, Baldensperger.

The eight shares of ROKEBY land finally came into my hands: the brothers and sisters had made their homes elsewhere.

I decided to produce milk. It was the time when alfalfa was introduced in the Hudson area and certified milk was pasteurized. My milk has never paid me — wages, feed and farm machinery take the income, turn and turn about, to keep the expenses up. But the milk is increasing and the land is improving; even if hedgerows are no longer pruned, there comes a blessing on those who produce milk so greatly needed.

1 1

In 1904 the eldest of my nieces was to "come out." I wanted to present her with a dance; but her father had taken a large house in New York for the winter and he suggested

that we both join in the entertainment. Among the guests that evening was Richard Aldrich, recently made music critic of the *New York Times*. He had been a classmate of my brother, graduating from Harvard in 1885.

So we danced together, and met again before long. He spent Easter with the Chapmans and we were soon friends. A year or more went by before either of us realized that the crystallization of unmarried ways was invaded. A man of forty-one and a woman of thirty-five are beyond the easy romance of early years. They have to feel that they are becoming necessary to each other, that their established lives belong together. The drive of their rising emotion must reach the point of union for what each one is in oneself.

Our engagement was short, our marriage taking place at ROKEBY in October 1906, during the campaign of my brother Lewis for the lieutenant-governorship. Our date must meet his schedule.

I remember getting Richard to some public hustings at Cooper Union. On bringing me home he said, "Now you must never expect me to go to political meetings." For two years once he had served as secretary to a Rhode Island *pro-venienti*. He had brought away from Washington no enthusiasm for Capitol Hill.

We had a beautiful day, as warm as summer. Miss Aldrich had returned from Europe in time, staying with us, as did the John Aldrichs and Chester Aldrich. I well remember the bridegroom's face lighting up during the reception when two men unknown to me approached us. They were his friends Arthur Whiting and Charles Scribner.

As my family had all left me, I decided that it would be a farce for me to go through the bride's usual performance of leaving. We reversed it. All of my family drove away with

Cab Grn. Milville Station.

Newport, R.I. Sept. 5th 1906.

Dear Nicolt,

I do most heartily wish
you joy of your engagement
to Mr Aldrich. I hold a true
marriage to be the very crown
of human happiness, and I
sincerely hope and believe
that you will find in ma-
trimony the entrance into
a new life, full of blessed
and happy interests. I shall be
delighted to receive a visit from

you and your friend. Let me
know when to expect you, as
my little hotel has been in
unusual request, this season.

This is said, supposing that
you will stay with me for
some days. I may go with to
our home some day soon for
twenty four hours. Will it
let you know about this

very soon...

I am always, dear Child,

Yours very affectionate

Aunt Julia.

Oak Glen - Melville Station.
Newport, R. I., Sept. 18th, 1906.
Dear Mr. Piercelly,

Thanks for your so-
andial invitation to be pres-
ent at "the great event."

I think I may say that I
will come, but hardly before
Oct. 1st. This will give me
a little time with you, but
you will be too busy to me
much of any one at that
time. I hope that this explains,

whether will continue for you,
and that nothing will prevent
a real gathering of the clan.
I anticipate much pleasure
in making the acquaintance
of this new I know, of whom
I hear only pleasant things.
You dear Margaret, who
have so dignified some years
of single blessedness, may the
coming year of married life
be blessed a thousand fold.

Ever yr affectionate
Anst. Lucia.

the guests, and we sat down to play duets while caterers gathered up their properties.

Before very long we went up to Newport to see Mrs. Howe* and then to Naushon, the Aldrichs being very intimate with the Forbes family.

Our son was born in 1909, our daughter in 1910. We continued to be uncle and aunt to nieces and nephews in town and country. Until 1910 I continued as president of the Women's Municipal League. A little later I became treasurer of the Women's Suffrage party in New York. Marriage did not alter our avocations.

Richard Aldrich, so far as he had looked into it, had come only of English and Welsh stock. He was not given his wife's additional Dutch, Belgian, French and German heritage. Born in Providence during the Civil War, he had been taught in high school by Benjamin Ide Wheeler, a great teacher and later president of Stanford. At Harvard in 1881, required to pass an entrance examination in a subject he had never studied in school, he succeeded on general knowledge and intelligence. During boyhood he had kept up piano; at Harvard, Martin Loeffler came to his rooms to play with him. He stammered badly, and so he chose economics as an introduction to journalism; but in Greek prose he made *magna cum laude*. William James tried telepathy as a cure for the stammer, but Richard was too strong a character to be affected by his psychological waves. He could never be much influenced, much less subjected.

He secured work on graduation in 1885 with the Providence *Journal*, saving out of his salary a trip to Germany for music and language. On his return came his job as a senator's secre-

* Aunt Julia Ward Howe could not attend the ceremony, but her three letters were a part of the happy event, and they are included here.

My dearest Margaret,

The Hates are against
my going to your wedding.

My dear Emma is seriously
ill, and Maud, as you
know, is in Italy. My
son also has been quite un-
happy about the risk of the
twofold journey at this time.
So, I feel in a manner
compelled to give up the

great pleasure and satisfaction
of being with you on
that most happy occasion.

I send as a modest wedding
gift a handkerchief with a
border of fine point d'origuille.

The friend who gave it to
me said that it had taken
the prize at a Paris Exhosi-
tion. I wish you may like
it well enough to wear it
on October third.

Wishing you every felicity,
my beloved child, I am always
Your very affectionate

Aunt Julia.

Cedar Glen - Melville Station - Newport
R. I.

Sept. 29th 1906.

FAMILY VISTA

tary. Then began his New York life, at first reporting for the *Tribune*. Henry Krehbiel and Mr. Henderson recommended him for the succession to the latter's post as music editor of the *New York Times*. Our lives were joined two years after he accepted.

A younger brother Chester Aldrich came to New York, joining the architectural firm of Delano and Aldrich. Their sister Amey and Chester tried a unique experiment for fifteen summers on Staten Island: they filled their home there with convalescent boys out of Bellevue Hospital, 1100 in all. A trained nurse supervised their treatments, and for the cost of a dime each families could come to visit the boys. This was the reverse of the conventional weekend: private life in public service, and it was rewarding.

1 1

Toward the end of winter, in our first year of marriage, I said, "Why not buy a book of tickets for riding lessons at Durland's? We shall be able to ride together next summer." My husband did not like to walk, and was already heavy from his long years in a sedentary profession. He bought the tickets, enjoyed the lessons.

One summer morning we started out on two of the ROKEBY saddle horses. I soon said, "My stirrup seems to be in the wrong hole. I wish you would get off and find the right one."

"Willingly — but of course you know that I shall not be able to remount."

Durland lessons had not got that far.

Fortunately, a riding friend of mine knew Barretta de Sousa, unemployed during the summer, who gladly spent a month teaching not ordinary riding but the subtle and fascinating art of "highschool" as developed by Bauchet in the cavalry of



RICHARD ALDRICH



MR. AND MRS. RICHARD ALDRICH



RICHARD CHANLER ALDRICH



MRS. RICHARD CHANLER ALDRICH AND HER SON RICHARD

Napoleon. De Sousa was a Portuguese Hindu who had once been in the stables of the Queen of Naples and had lived long in South America. Such a rolling stone neither cared for money nor could accumulate it. Then an impassioned subject of the King of England, this trucking relic of the Old World lived only for his art.

His teaching put a pupil in every position in which a saddle horse could contrive to place its rider. Control was achieved through the bit by flexing, making the horse drop its jaw and so remain in your power. Backing, turning in shoulders and haunches, the graces of piaffe and pirouette, all became mere details of habit. This intellectual approach was perfect for an elderly scholar. It resulted in the highschooling of six or eight weight-carriers which were ridden during the winter in New York and during the summer in Dutchess County.

They undoubtedly lengthened the years of my husband's good health, besides giving him mornings of great enjoyment. Both children rode with him. But I became timid after automobiles were met on the roads, and soon sold my own saddle horse.

As soon as the children could speak, their father's pleasure in them began and never ceased. He took a great deal of care to know their friends, naturally more the boys than the girls. He never thought we had too many or too often. Some of his musical friends felt the same way, so the generations mingled and our pleasure in the development of our children enriched our marriage as the years came all too quickly.

When we returned from Washington to New York, I went into a period of ill health which lasted for several years. Mr. Aldrich on his part could not take up the strenuous hours required by musical criticism on a large daily paper without realizing that the time had come for him to retire.

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I was able to continue on the Girl's Public School Athletic League, the board of directors for St. Faith's Deaconess School, and the Legal Aid Society; but I was no longer policy-maker.

Our son Richard went to St. Paul's School in Concord, where he was taught to run by Jefferson Fletcher. We saw him win the half-mile against Yale while he was on the track team at Harvard. His B.A. followed, and then two years in the engineering school, making him an oil engineer. Our daughter went to Vassar and from there to the Sorbonne for her junior year. We gave her a ball when she was eighteen, preceded by a musicale for our contemporaries. But what children really need from parents during college days is hospitality for young friends at holidays. Fortunate are the parents with homes in the country.

ROKEBY house parties returned, being really doubled by our friends the Lyman Delanos whose child grew up with ours. Again the pattern changed with marriage.

"To bear, to love, to rear and then to lose."

Of course the loss is made good in grandchildren. Not only for himself but for his mother, my son married Susan, daughter of John and Rosalind Cutler.

My son shares my ownership of ROKEBY, and has long taken the farm management off my hands. During the last war he rose to the rank of commander in the Oil Division of the Navy.

My son-in-law Christopher Rand served in China with the O.W.I. and continued there as correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Eight grandchildren rejoice my heart, as they do their four parents.

My old age has been long, because it began early. My husband's heart gave out. We were obliged to live very quietly as I entered my sixties. Both children married, I had no

longer the incentive of being so much needed. This is not an era when children sit at the feet of experience, expecting the facts of yesterday to explain the problems of today. To each its own.

My husband's life ended in Rome in June 1937. He was on a visit to his brother Chester Aldrich, head of the American Academy there, who also died not long after. Miss Amey Aldrich was asked to head the Academy until a suitable successor could be found.

*I must have music on this day of days
Which brought my husband to the earthly round,
For in him music's incantation found.
A full response; a birthright to her ways.
Vassal and knight his word upon her lays
Uncounted honors; as a seer he bound
Past into Future, cursing every hound
Who on discordant trails for music bays.
There are full harmonies, a mantle wide
To wrap me in remembrance; or a cloud
Of descant surely bearing me with loud
And lovely rapture to his listening heart.
Song will be following his happy stride
Toward such sound as knows each perfect part.*

ROKEBY, July 31, 1942

MUSIC IN NEW YORK

As Richard's concerts in New York began in October, we were soon in the winter's routine, with almost no free evenings. I had married into the only profession in which a wife may go to his work with her husband. He always had two tickets for the concert or the opera. My husband made but one condition: "Please never refer to what we have heard until I have written my criticism."

At the end of my first winter in this role I was hearing symphonic music in one side of my head, while some one sang opera in the other side. I consulted a physician about it. Was it illness or budding genius? He said, "I know nothing of such an illness; the genius had better stay at home evenings, until the season is over." During following winters I picked my own way among musical events, with great delight.

Long before I married, Nordica had told a student, "Don't sing to me until you know half a dozen roles; study the parts as the melodies live in them." Nordica was the daughter of Camp-meeting John in Maine; very handsome, our first, perhaps our greatest, Brynhild. Her humanity in the presentation did much to establish Wagner in non-Teutonic opera audiences. The psychology between artist and audience is something organic. Each supplies the other — one power, the other reception. The excitement generated amounted at times to interference.

Paderewski said to me, "The artist must have his audience in his hand before he reaches his instrument." It was indeed

true of his final concert in the New York Hippodrome. The night was wintry; many must have found it difficult to control hoarseness, yet not one cough disturbed the music.

On the other hand, when an audience is uncertain, demanding, critical, when the artist is concerned only with his *effect*, he may give a great deal, but he will receive but little from the restorative power always latent in an audience. When Mr. Kneisel asked me to read a paper at a dinner of the Bohemian Society, I took this subject for my topic — "The Double Demand" from those who seek beauty and from those who provide it. Beauty itself is invoked in listeners by perfect accord with what they are hearing. The audience itself, on the other hand, though silent can contribute the same essence as comes from performers and their instruments.

As the musical season turned our evenings into work-time, I have few social recollections of those years. Our opposite neighbors Mr. and Mrs. Schwab were a very pleasant happening. Mrs. Schwab received on Sunday afternoons, while Mr. Gibson, an old friend of my husband, played the fine organ on their stairs. We met the Schwabs through Mme. Sembrich. I asked Mrs. Schwab about the nephew who used to post letters for us in his boyhood. "He has grown up and married. Won't you both come in for a little while?"

One New Year's Day when Mme. Sembrich rose to bid Mrs. Schwab goodbye, a servant was sent for Mr. Schwab, who left the adjacent card-room and, after wishing Mme. Sembrich a happy new year, asked, "Would you not like to see the next President of the United States?"

"But you only choose in summer, when we are in Europe."

"Not this time. I will fetch him."

And out from the games came Senator Warren Harding,

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who fulfilled Mr. Schwab's prophecy the following November.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Ochs were also cordial neighbors. Mr. Aldrich was fond of saying that Mr. Ochs was "the best Christian" he had ever worked for. At the dinner which they gave us when we were married, Mr. Ochs said to me, "The worth of intellectual service in journalism can never be estimated."

I asked Mr. and Mrs. Ochs to meet Paderewski at luncheon, when the support of Poland's freedom still seemed to hang in the balance. I asked Mr. Ochs to tell me again his reply to the German propagandist who had said, "Mr. Ochs, you are my only failure."

Mr. Ochs said: "Curfew existed for young men in Germany, where my father grew up. He went to live in a more liberal part of Germany, but could not attend the university. In a third city the girl he wished to marry applied for a marriage license, but was told she must wait three years—the quota for her race was filled. She went to America. My father also left the country. He served in the American Civil War. My parents never spoke German in my hearing. We are Americans."

Paderewski was much moved by the recital.

A few days after this incident, Mr. Paderewski was invited to the *Times'* offices. Its editorial pages supported Poland's claims to recognition as a free nation.

The last time I saw Mr. Ochs we called on them in the country, Lake George I believe. I asked him about Zionism. He seemed surprised that I did not know of his opposition to the movement.

He said, "I have never known a Jewish person in America

who would wish to live in Palestine." I had received a similar reply from Mrs. Nathan, president of the Consumer's League.

1 1

Our hospitality flourished in spring, before the artists sailed abroad. On the morning after her debut one soprano asked for permission to come and have her faults corrected by Mr. Aldrich. He answered that the *Times* employed him for a single function; that a teacher could never "criticize" a pupil. Once an irate Ohioan threatened to punch his head for his cruel treatment of a woman performer.

My husband had the gratification of publishing, with the consent of Mr. Ochs, a book called *Musical Discourse*, which was built on his Sunday articles in the *Times*. He also much enjoyed doing the American section of a new edition of Grove while we were in London during 1925. Our friend Henry Colles was the editor and added constant companionship and discussion.

Concert Life in New York was not arranged for and published during Mr. Aldrich's lifetime. The first edition paid for the second, showing how useful such books are.

When thrombosis confined my husband to his couch, music came to him. Dame Myra Hess played to him whenever she was in New York. One winter Harold Samuel had a week of Bach; he asked to be allowed to play each program at our home. Susan Metcalf (Mrs. Casals) gave her programme of songs; Mr. Henry was constant in his piano playing; and Tovey from Edinburgh, not only a musician but a skilled talker.

At ROKEBY on his seventieth birthday Mr. Albert Spaulding and other musicians appeared from the Berkshires. Mme. Ranzow insisted on coming to sing for us at our wedding anniversary. Miss Arlie Furman played the violin.

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We were still able to have people for luncheon and tea. When Frau Gehricke was in New York I entertained her Boston friends Arthur Whiting, Mr. Samson and the Kneisels.

A sad memory is the luncheon for the Granados. They were terrified at the idea of sailing; and were drowned off the coast of France.

The Ernest Schellings were always in our lives, and Walther Damrosch spent a long Sunday morning sitting by Richard Aldrich's sofa, recalling enchanting musical scenes.

Enesco became our great friend. He gave us much time. One evening he arranged to play an entire unpublished opera, one of the tragedies of Sophocles. This extraordinary man was mayor in his native city, artist and public servant, like Paderewski.

We never invited an artist to sing or play at our house until there had been a public performance criticized that year. My husband said, "What I have written may not be altogether welcome. In this way it is for the artist to decide."

The corps of music critics is very small. Four cities contained them: New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. Even in Boston, Philip Hale "doubled" in drama. But there was musical progress: Myra Hess started a musical center and Mme. Sembrich, sensing the wish for better music, every year put fewer popular numbers in her programs. Altogether, my lists show a hundred musicians were entertained by us in town or country.

Our period was one of successive surprises in the new compositions. Debussy, Strauss and the rest were often on programs; and artists commented furiously upon them at our house. I recall Svechenski's pleasure in rehearsing the new mediums. They presented great challenge, he said, even when the classics remained unrivaled. But one soprano felt her

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voice had been ruined by singing a new role. In Paris we found clagues at the Opera Comique during performances of Debussy. They knew just when applause was most instructive.

The Metropolitan Orchestra, with its soloists and chorus, met the San Francisco earthquake in 1907 courageously; no one was killed, but instruments were lost. Returning to New York, Marcella Sembrich telephoned without ceasing until she had secured a new instrument for every player.

Her life had begun in Poland in absolute poverty. Her father was a musician supporting a large family whose members earned what they could to help him. Marcella learned the violin and always attributed to it her success as a singer. Her ear was trained far better than most musicians. Her happy marriage with her teacher Stengel made her emotional life serene. Decades of contentment and hosts of friends attended her. She was equally beloved in Europe and America; in Spain and Holland were her favorite audiences.

We found the intelligentsia of music invariably able and congenial. One could not ask for better society. It was limited in some ways, of course: "Mme. Sembrich is the only foreigner singing in opera to whose house I take my wife."

The great Brahms had said to her: "Do what you wish." She was our intimate friend. She captured European taste, to the very top gallery; she strove earnestly to raise the level of American taste. She could not comprehend the American applause of trash.

Marcella Sembrich retired from opera without waiting for the usual hints. She continued singing her beautiful *lieder* and she began to teach. We were present when her pupil Giannini made an unexpected, even startling, success. At a moment's

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notice she had substituted for another singer. Managers made their way to pay court to Sembrich; it vastly amused her.

James Huneker, a meteoric genius, stopped twice in the aisle to speak to us during intermissions. He said, "On the last day of the year I always destroy the books I have no use for. I always mean to include your sonnets, but somehow I start rereading them, and keep them another year." Again, he said, "Mrs. Aldrich, I realize this evening that you must be painted. I have come down again to urge it; don't lose a month. It must be now."

Huneker with Schelling added the unpredictable to my day's musical taste. To meet it came the inexhaustible learning of Krehbiel, Henderson and Aldrich. The composers and great soloists came and went, holding the past firmly if they were performers, introducing the future if they were composers.

They all equally recognized the musicianship of the New York critics.

1 1

Musicians live a hard, onerous life, much of it to themselves alone. Yet they are much more congenial and much better talkers than artists or writers. The latter seemed to us to be guarding their lips for fear they might let slip some copyrightable thought. Music is sound, and sound leads to talk.

The later autumn festivals of Mrs. Coolidge's Music Mountain chamber music in Tanglewood led to the symposium in the Pittsfield hotel as her guests. The audience was all by invitation. The same discrimination reigned at the Stoeckel Spring Festivals in Norfolk, also by invitation. Here the artists met at the Stoeckels following the concerts and were served by Swiss maids whose voices were tested before they could be employed in this house of music.

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We were in easy motoring distance, and following both the Coolidge and Stoeckel festivals we would have a few of the performers at ROKEBY. I remember a weekend with Martin Loeffler, the Kreislers and Percy Grainger. Great was our consternation when Mrs. Coolidge transferred her festival to Washington. Unfortunately, Washington is too hot in early fall, and musicians had to begin work early for the winter season. And the Stoeckels gave up when unions demanded pay for rehearsals. So closed that valuable chapter in our lives.

The Stoeckel Festival deserves commemoration. It began many years ago when a railroad president found that his daughter had trained a Norfolk church choir to sing a good secular program. Gradually this activity developed until many factories in Connecticut had choruses practicing all winter for the spring festival. It was held in a building called the "Music Shed." There I heard Coleridge Taylor and other conductors. One orchestra came from Albany. Such conditions produce real pupils, who learn from the composer himself. Mr. and Mrs. Stoeckel bore the entire expense, and attendance was a privilege for all concerned. It fell under the hammer of organized commercialism.

THE FIRST WORLD WAR

For several winters before 1914 we belonged to a dining club arranged by Mrs. W. F. Trent, wife of the professor of English at Columbia. There were half a dozen meetings, always on Sunday. Each host or hostess discussed a topic and invited general talk on it. The variety of opinion can be imagined when I note the names of Paul Elmer More, Henry Osborn Taylor, Ida Tarbell, Thomas Lamont, Kenyon Cox, Fabian Franklyn, Henry Pritchett and John Bassett Moore as members of the group. Our intimacy led to a desirable lightness of touch and play of fancy which stirred minds to their best.

My topic came at last: "The Author's Right to Verbal Accuracy." I remember an unexpectedly passionate defense of the right to alter hymns.

Mr. Lamont said of Miss Tarbell: "Those people think they alone are agonizing over those problems in economics. Some of us in the other column are as much concerned as they are."

John Bassett Moore introduced us to strange legal events, strung on a thread of proposition.

On an autumn weekend the club came to ROKEBY. Mr. Taylor talked about a coming world catastrophe. Nobody envisaged 1914, which was then so near. We dispersed in wartime.

1 1

In the autumn of 1914 I began to organize the West Side Red Cross. We asked for one empty store after another on

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Broadway between Seventieth and Eightieth streets. Miss Wiltse, a naval officer's daughter, was my very able second. We soon had tables to make dressings, gave out garments and wool and kept the rooms open from seven till ten at night for office workers. There were not many of these, but it meant much to those who came. Goods from our shops went to the Bush Terminal in Brooklyn for foreign shipment. We took them in motorcades with banners. New York approved.

I asked three artists to design posters. These we put in the window requesting: "Come in and vote for the one you like best." The one preferred was taken by National Headquarters to Washington, which soon had a whole poster division.

As we had to move three times when the stores were rented, one of my best workers wrote to Mrs. Charles Schwab, asking her to take the branch into her house on Riverside Drive. Mr. Schwab's nephew brought the letter to me. I said I had known nothing about it; the Schwabs felt that I could not, but did I wish to come? They offered me the bowling alley, billiard room, and a third large room, all in the basement. I accepted but I insisted all the workers must enter by the basement door. Mrs. Schwab thought this impossible, but I carried my point. Unguarded rooms above were too great a temptation. We too had a good name to sustain. We had then over a hundred workers. The bowling alley became our packing room.

I suggested a three-day school for Red Cross workers in New York to train makers of dressings. It was held at Chapter headquarters. My suggestion that I should give two historical talks on earlier Red Cross periods was a success, and the school became popular. My talks were on Miss Nightingale, the history of the Red Cross and how the training of nurses

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was an outgrowth of the Crimean War. Miss Lowden, who worked in the New York chapter, trained voices and diction of those who were to be teachers in the suburbs and farther afield. This Red Cross school was repeated in Washington while I was living there. It became standard procedure.

1 1

On New Year's Day, 1917, my husband received a telegram at ROKEBY, summoning him to the War Department in Washington for service in Military Intelligence. He remained there eighteen months. I rented a house the first winter, but bought one for the second, as I found it more economical.

The salient part of Richard Aldrich's work turned out to be an editorial résumé of public opinion in America. It was sent twice a week at General Pershing's request to GHQ in France. Richard's material was first submitted to the War Department and thence after much deletion on open wires overseas. With his long experience in journalism, my husband found the work most congenial, and he was happy to be serving GHQ in this direct way.

When the Women's Army Nurse Corps was created in 1901, rank was given to but one woman, the head of the Corps. Army nurses serving overseas in 1917 with the American Expeditionary Force might be asked for at advance posts when the emergency arose, but could be transferred only at the convenience of the Quartermaster's Department. Privates are not personally mobile. This and other important reasons persuaded Congress to pass a bill giving rank to nurses.

In working for this law I found my return to Washington life very pleasant. I was also glad to be acceptable in the publicity department of the Red Cross. One morning Dr. Greene said to me, "Mrs. Aldrich, next week some twenty nurses

just back from France are to be trained here and sent to Chautauqua meetings across the country. Will you please train them?"

I communicated with Miss Lowden; her brother was Governor of Illinois. She came from New York and produced the required training. Only one nurse failed to become a successful speaker. One fell ill while telling her account of French children in caves along the retreating line. Another was so good that Pond's Lecture Bureau asked her to leave nursing and take their assignment (which this valuable person did not do). Our training period lasted only three weeks.

Dr. Greene warned the nurses what to expect. "You will have enormous audiences in enormous tents. There will be noise from storms too, which you must meet quietly." Each nurse, after describing her war experiences, then urged her audience to work for public health nursing, which was new at the time. The letters we received were most enthusiastic, but we in the Red Cross national headquarters could alone measure the effort of these Red Cross nurses who had not stopped to rest from their real work before this fatiguing pilgrimage.

Our method deserves illustration. Miss Lowden began by asking that some one nurse be kind enough to come to the platform, and allow what she said to be used as a demonstration. There is always a saint among twenty; a quiet little soul stepped up, and began.

She told about the great experience of her summons. "I was visiting at home when it came." After many minutes, as it seemed to me, we heard, "I was sitting on deck reading. I looked up and there was a sort of round box in the water. It was a submarine; within an hour we might all be drowning." Miss Lowden and I both clapped our hands (the signal

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we had agreed upon) and the nurse stopped to listen to Miss Lowden.

"When you are introduced the speaker will have told the audience that you were called for duty oversea. Just begin with 'Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I was on deck reading.' When you have shown that sub to the audience they will go all the rest of the way with you."

The nurses all took notes, and when the first nurse finished they all wanted to be the next. They were to use microphones, so that we did not need to produce voice in volume. They must not drop their voices, however, at the sentence end. Pause was carefully taught, giving time for ideas to sink in. The three days' training of these trained minds always seemed to me a *tour de force* on the part of Miss Lowden.

One typical narrative told a miracle of escape. On reaching her ward one morning a nurse was told to return to quarters and get ready for evacuation, which had already begun. Her room was upstairs in a small house. She soon heard steps on the stairs and the words, "I hear you are from little Rhody; let's shake." She went into the hallway, holding out both hands, which were seized by a very young G.I. At that moment the roof fell in. The stairway, of stone, remained. It was a long time before they could dig their way out of the debris. His visit had saved her life.

The Red Cross Chautauqua speaking raised a banner for the national public. Publicity against disease had lagged most lamentably; disease was a field for the specialist, and the doctor's art was still akin to magic. At the turn of the century I had tried to have the New York State Superintendent of Health invite a retired railroad president to put education against tuberculosis into public education.

"What," I asked, "is the sense of our knowledge now?"

THE FIRST WORLD WAR

"They all know consumption is catching, but during harvest time they take infected workers into their homes and kitchens, and then wonder how they caught it."

Now, in wartime, the evangel of preventive care was to be proclaimed. My Dutchess County was the first to have a Public Health Society. The movement was to grow by leaps, to have marvelous results in reducing the death rate. Health consciousness is in the American understanding. Europeans are appalled by our conversation in restaurants about calories, vitamins and ptomaines.

1 1

There is always much work to be done in Washington by the questing volunteer. Grappling with what comes up develops into a knack. Old Washington residents are ever on the lookout for transients with this knack.

The winter of 1918 saw the overcrowding of government patients at St. Elizabeth's under hideous conditions which we were told could not be bettered. They were bettered, however, as soon as a report was made to the wife of an important official. Immediately the people in charge made the necessary changes. An intermediary, who was a transient, felt unhampered by precedents which fairly bristled for the permanent residents.

"Do you mean to say that you actually put an envelope containing an adverse report on her *piano*?"

"Yes."

It had been most welcome.

Washington in wartime is less partisan and therefore more interesting. The First World War brought missions from Allied governments. Spectacular individual leaders came to educate the new multitudes of workers who thronged the city. Teachers deserted schools to serve the commonwealth. They

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took back a clearer world picture when they returned to the classroom.

The foreign families who came, though fewer in number, took home new impressions of the power and range of the United States Government. The French Embassy was practically closed for everything but winning the war, but General and Mme. Collardet made a center for foreigners and Americans which was most welcome. Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand were given a surprise party on Armistice night. President and Mrs. Wilson were told of it and were among the first guests to arrive.

During our days of neutrality almost anything might happen. The widow of General Liscum was president of the Army Relief Society. Some Germans thought this proved a connection with Army affairs. During the summer her Washington house was entered, her desk ransacked, the papers strewn on the floor. But there were only the records of remittances to the widows of officers before pensions came through, lists of schools their children attended — nothing else.

At the other end of the scale, Mr. Charles Schwab went to London, returning with a schedule of work on contract to his Bethlehem Steel. On reaching New York, he was summoned to Washington. The German ambassador was showing to the State Department an exact duplicate of those schedules.

Several of the French Military Intelligence officers were musicians; one had studied with d'Indy. We had much playing in our small house. When collector of folk songs Cecil Sharpe came by, Mr. Henry White invited many people to hear his account of English ballads he found in the Appalachians. He had come down with typhoid fever on one of these expeditions, and always inquired first about our drinking water at the villages he visited thereafter.

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This aroused suspicion among the mountaineers. He might be an enemy spy, about to poison the village well. A meeting was called in a church to consider the matter. His personal safety was ensured when the postmaster said, "I saw a German once. He did not have a high nose like this fellow. This is an Englishman."

Red Cross speakers returned from pro-German centers with lurid stories. Blanche Bates (Mrs. Creel) was asked by her police to ring a certain door bell because "she buys whole roasts of meat, rolls them in dirt and throws them in her ashcans." Mrs. Creel rang the bell, and was thrown down the steps.

President MacCracken of Vassar came to Washington and developed the Junior Red Cross, which proved an enormous solvent among sympathizers with the Germans. American children began to take work home for foreign children; the boys' carpentry was especially attractive. These objective enterprises were more persuasive about American motives than many orations.

Some enemy propaganda among the Negroes developed. The Red Cross held surgical classes for Negro women to counteract it. During our absence in Washington our New York house was used for one of these classes.

A bomb was exploded before the house of Secretary and Mrs. Palmer. On the whole, however, enemy propaganda helped us greatly, because it was so clumsily executed. The overtures to Mexico in New York were of vast assistance in clarifying the issues.

1 1

President Wilson should not be thought of as a popular President. There was an aloofness, a fastidiousness, which

would prevent this. He offered a marked courtesy of manner, even to the long receiving line of a convention; but during the war there were only official contacts. These seem always to have been conducted in the most impersonal order.

I had discussed Cabinet meetings with many Secretaries. There is no set procedure. The President conducts them as he chooses. When the Cabinet was smaller there must have been far greater opportunity for discussion over the table. But President Wilson wished very little of it in any case. His meetings gave advance notice of his policies and decisions, but rarely invited opinion or information.

He was entirely consistent when he said to my informant, "No, we do not need to discuss your department; it is yours to run."

This became an extremely difficult attitude for the Cabinet to meet, especially when for so long the President stood for neutrality at the sinking of the *Lusitania*. When his severe illness began there was no precedent for a substitute. It became a most critical question and has remained unsolved. England solved it by creating a Regency for her King.

When George the Third had his first mental illness, the government chose a Regent, and repeatedly solved the predicament whenever the attacks recurred. An incompetent King of England was not expected to sign bills passed in Parliament with the assistance to his hand of a physician or a Queen.

A law could be enacted directing the White House physician to call on regionally well known four doctors, one each from North, East, South and West. On their decision should rest the suspension of the President's functions and the substitution of the Vice-President during the illness.

I realize that the men of America would find this repulsive. No man likes to underline another's disabilities. A movement

in the right direction might begin by giving this vote to youth; youth has little patience with the clinging on of Old Age. Furthermore, a plank should be inserted in the platform of every national convention calling on all candidates to declare their willingness to cease governmental functions should cerebral incapacity occur. Such a declaration from candidates would put the question beyond partisan clamor and prepare the minds of lawmakers for legislation on the subject.

I have said that President Wilson was not popular in Washington. Probably he scorned it, but he must have enjoyed the very great popularity his daughter Margaret attained by her untiring good will in giving concerts for the soldiers in neighboring camps. Red Cross headquarters rated her "deeply beloved." Another Washington figure constantly in the camps was an ex-President. William Howard Taft could be seen at Union Depot almost any day, traveling to and from the soldiers, carrying a small bag of pamphlets, like the least of secretaries. His immense bulk at this time suggested fatigue, but only energy emanated from his powerhouse. Could any other nation see carried on, after highest honor, continued services in democracy?

But Americans are vocal, even vociferous. They take frequent turns in talking about their officials. It often sounds like a snarl. When two high statesmen were up for conversational slaughter I could always secure a reprieve by asking, "But how about the young Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Franklin Roosevelt?"

At the mention of his name, smiles returned to the company; everyone was ready to say something pleasant. "He was a very hard worker." "He was loyal to his chief, Josephus Daniels, but he could manage him." They called Mr. Daniels genial but untrained in Navy ways. His assistant was the

coming man. He was following Theodore Roosevelt's path in training as an Assistant Secretary. Few people realize the vast field in which such an assistant gets his training.

Mrs. James Roosevelt I knew early and later. When I was a child her elderly husband drove her up to Steen Valetje to see her uncle Franklin Delano, after whom her son was named. She had chosen her father's name, Warren, but her mother said, "We are all mourning a baby Warren this year. It would be hard for his mother if you gave that name." Mrs. Roosevelt agreed, "Of course, I should have thought of that. I can name him after Uncle Frank who is so good to us all." I was with them at Hyde Park for a night before Mr. Roosevelt died. I heard his wife ask him to let the coachman take the reins, and his answer: "No, Sally, I am not dead yet."

My cousin Miss Wilkes in Canada, whose mother was a Langdon, recalled one day: "There was a ball for my older sister in Lafayette Place. I looked over the stairs. Uncle Walter Langdon has asked if he might bring a charming Miss Roosevelt, lately come from New Bedford to Newburgh, who knew nobody in New York — where she would soon be a belle. When my uncle walked in there was with him the lovely creature now the President's mother." The next time Miss Wilkes was in New York I took her to tea in the Roosevelt house and Mrs. Roosevelt was much amused by the little story and she offered pleasant anecdotes about the Langdons.

I had heard Miss Justine Erving read her charming paper on "The Maiden Aunt in Literature" and asked whether she would like to read it to Mrs. Roosevelt. Of course, it would be the greatest pleasure, and so one afternoon I took her by appointment, finding Mrs. Roosevelt's very much older sister Mrs. Forbes, an erudite cousin and one or two more. All of them enjoyed and afterward discussed the reading. Then came what we supposed would be an equally agreeable half hour in

the dining room, but beaux began to arrive — Mrs. Roosevelt's from Washington, Mrs. Forbes' from Boston. Miss Erving and I retreated, realizing there were still people who can quote "Nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Then before long came Franklin's marriage to his cousin, and the great enlargement of the house at Hyde Park. Socially there was an amusing situation. Half a dozen ladies lunched together Monday to Friday. If they had children all were too young to be interesting as neighbors. So everyone wanted to know what Franklin and Eleanor were doing that week. There was only one way to meet the matter: never tell mother anything. So dear gentle Mrs. James Roosevelt would have to say, "I do not know where they went this week," and the ladies began saying, "How badly she is treated!" I could hardly help explaining what I saw, but held my tongue, being too young to have any influence —and why make otherwise pleasant neighbors dislike me?

I was with Mrs. James Roosevelt at Hyde Park when Franklin was notified that he was the Democratic candidate for governor and on the night he was nominated for the Presidency for the third time. On the evening of the Presidential nomination, driving up from New York, I told my chauffeur to drive in Mrs. Roosevelt's gate and stop if the house was dark; if well-lighted I was not calling. The house was dark, Mrs. Roosevelt was alone. I went up to her room and said I wanted to take the returns for her later that night. "Nonsense, my dear, I can do that, but I like to have you with me." I soon held the receiver, putting it down when we learned that some five speeches were still to be made for one of the many candidates. Finally, Mrs. Roosevelt sent my chauffeur home, had a room prepared for me and ordered lemonade brought up. The hour was late when she took the telephone and called her son at the White House. I heard my name mentioned and then

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Mrs. Roosevelt laughed. "Franklin says I must ring off, that he is expected to count votes. He asked who was with me and said he was glad you are here."

1 1

My husband thought Military Intelligence possessed its own unsung hero: Colonel Van Diemen. This Regular Army officer felt we were archaic in our world-ignorance. Taking as his model the stores of information accumulated by such ostensible travelers for the British as Kitchener and Mark Sykes, he had, for instance, bicycled hundreds of miles in China making military maps. These had not been asked for but Van Diemen thought they might be needed. The department had to spring into world contacts overnight; here was a life-long adept in their own service, able to weigh significance.

The venerable Mrs. Dimock, sister of William C. Whitney, was one of the few hostesses who could wave her wand in wartime, giving stately dinners to our officials and diplomats. They were sure to find one another at that great house. There was no official "at home." All the ladies had workrooms for the making of surgical dressings and hospital garments. When celebrities appeared, careful guards protected them from all but those they chose to see on war business. Clever interviews with *entourage* became therefore of utmost importance, and American journalists were immensely ingenious. People stood on the curb to watch a hero go by; but if you journeyed to Washington on a private invitation to meet him, he would likely not turn up; he was moving the pins on a map of Verdun.

There were no long summer holidays in wartime Washington. People lived accordingly. One hot June evening our motor met a Supreme Court coupe in a country lane; down the

hillside came Justice and Mrs. Holmes, their hands full of wild flowers. I knew them but slightly, never forgetting Mrs. Holmes meeting an enquiry about some rheumatism. "Yes, my doctor wanted me to have this Swedish massage. I said, 'Doctor, what would it amount to?' He explained about my circulation, and I said, 'Well, I will buy all the birds in Shakespeare, and when I have lifted their cages, given them their baths, fed them and hung them up again, I think I shall have taken general exercise enough. I can do without the Swedish nightingale.'"

The streets of Washington were gay with foreign uniforms. A French general told me that when he passed in his scarlet Spahi uniform all the small Negroes would stop what they were doing and start to dance. In 1918 the Potomac was frozen over, and snow removal in the city was insufficient; but on fine Sundays throngs were out, and month by month we saw the new airplanes near the Washington Monument, the first tank, a captive German submarine, the new weapons of the First World War. Women were never too old, it seemed, to stand in canteens dishing out food for the soldiers. Teaching convalescent amputees had begun in Army and Navy hospitals; mobilization was general, women's status no longer static. *Waves* and *Wacs* were welcome everywhere, and were indispensable.

Duties came to me at National Suffrage headquarters, where Mrs. Catt was slowly bringing us to enfranchisement. I was in the Senate gallery when the last adverse vote was taken. It made me so angry I walked from the Capitol to Dupont Circle. The soldiers' vote had of course been taken abroad in the AEF. When that arrived it was in our favor — the moral place of women went into the Constitution.

We often dropped in on Mr. Henry Adams. I remember

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our finding him alone one day and he talked about the beautiful Blake watercolors which he said he had been able to pick up in London as a young man. "The prices were suitable to my slim purse, so little was Blake thought of in the sixties."

Our final visit was on the Sunday when someone said, "Here comes his nephew, just back from Murmansk." I rose hastily, remarking that we were nowhere and should now vanish. As he held out his hand to me, Mr. Adams said, "When you came back from China in 1900 you told me something about the Russians," and he gave me back the anecdote. His memory turned the pages at a phrase.

A few months later I was in those same rooms for his funeral service taken by Dr. Cotton Smith who gave the Psalms in the Old Testament version, not in that of the earlier prayer book Psalter. Near me sat the Jusserands; all important Washington seemed to know what it meant to lose the Master of Nuance. I did not feel entitled to go to the committal service at the Adams Monument in Rock Creek Cemetery.

During the following summer I did venture to say to Dr. Cotton Smith, "Did the Adamses ask for the Puritan psalms or did your forebears guide you?" (That version was the one heard in the church at Quincy when Henry Adams attended the funeral of his grandfather. He had written about it in *The Education of Henry Adams*: "He was to see many great functions, but he never again witnessed anything nearly so impressive to him as the last service at Quincy over the body of one President and the ashes of another.")

Dr. Smith's answer was: "When Mr. Charles Adams died in Washington, Mrs. Adams asked me to take the service at her house. They gave no directions whatever. I naturally used the Psalms as Mr. Adams had heard them. On his way home

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Mr. Henry Adams said to his niece, 'When my turn comes send over to Cotton Smith and tell him I want exactly what he did for Charles. I liked it.' "

EUROPEAN HOLIDAYS

Beginning in 1922 we took our two children abroad every third summer, giving them two intervening summers in their own country. Children who went abroad for most of their long summer holidays did not seem to have much root in their own country. The variety of all we saw also benefited by the interval for thinking it over.

In June 1922 France was sad. I noticed in the hotels at spas that young French women at adjoining tables never spoke to each other although each was alone between Sunday and Friday evenings. I need not have been surprised when my "Good morning" to an older woman in an elevator was not returned. I think they resented American money.

At the tennis courts a pleasant secretary arranged *partenaires*, but those partners need not bow when they meet elsewhere.

But our Army was gratefully remembered in small places like Cauteret in the Pyrenees. It had been a *lieu de repos* for GIs and everyone who had promised marriage there returned for his girl. One case in Tours had been oddly deceitful. The American soldier promised outdoor life to a hotel housemaid. On their reaching America she found herself wife to a bear-leader; no home, only the great out-of-doors.

After a fortnight among the châteaux of Tourraine, we motored across France from Cherbourg to Chambrey, visiting Lafayette's family château at Chavagnac, already a home for tubercular children. Lafayette had been so much among my people on the Hudson that it interested me to have personal

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experience of his origin in a backwoods community. The peasants there of whom we enquired the way were still very backward. No wonder that it was Lafayette who could unravel for General Washington the why and wherefore of a vanishing line among Rhode Island troops. In other colonies the boy at the front was replaced by another; no break in the muster roll. In thrifty (or less fertile) Rhode Island the son at the front returned home for the farming before his succeeding brother left the farm to take his place in the Continental line. It took Lafayette to ferret this out. If one has known country people in childhood a worldwide and lifelong freemasonry brings understanding.

1 1

In 1925 my boy was invited to the scene of Mr. Crane's racing on the Clyde. Several of his sloops were taken over from the States and tried out before the actual races. Dick Aldrich was on the crews of these trial races. All three events were won by the American sloop. The hospitable Scottish ladies lined up to congratulate me twice: "It is verra nice to begin with an American victory," and then, "It is getting verra exciting to have the luck with you so far." After the third and final victory for our side, I cowered alone in the wind where they could not find me on the dock awaiting the boat back to Glasgow. I have plenty of Scottish blood myself; I didn't mind.

Almost immediately we were in Riga for a week with "diplomatic" cousins, Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell White. En route, there was a pleasant day in Copenhagen when our minister Professor Prince sang his setting of *The Road to Mandalay* for our children. He told us he had written a Latvian grammar. The people of Riga were very happy to be rid of

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both the Russian police and the Baltic barons, German by descent. Their estates were now supporting many peasants; but no order was yet anywhere apparent. We drove to a country seat where the peasants lived in squalor, stabling cows in the drawing-rooms.

Next came a week in Stockholm where Mr. Robert Bliss was our ambassador. The two sides of the Baltic were of completely different eras: Sweden's side all order. Stockholm was a most modern city, handling housing problems on a municipal scale. We went on excursion to Upsala to see the unique copy of the Gospels in Gothic, on vellum and most beautiful. Then across country to Oslo where we could see the two Viking ships, and jog to Trondhjem where our excursion steamer picked us up for Spitzbergen.

We arrived there on the day when its union with Norway was celebrated. The island had been allotted to Norway by the Treaty of Versailles. Moss is brown on Spitzbergen. There is no chlorophyll. A telegrapher told me the assignments under Arctic conditions were limited to three years. In winter the moonlight lasts all day long for half a month at a time, which helps considerably in a psychological sense. I went down to the stateroom and embroidered by the midnight sun, by contrast. The effect of sunset was merely of moving from one side to the other without setting at all.

The whole trip was pleasant; the children made friends on deck. Tourist bureaus evidently leaned heavily on water tours for single women. Seven of them were traveling alone, several in couples or trios. There was a dentist who climbed glaciers in high-heeled slippers; three old sisters with their doctor. "Annie, look up to the midnight sun." Annie was not up to it.

A retired grocer lugged his sign from a small town to the

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top of every hill he climbed; my daughter would help him. A really marvelous old English lady had delivered the mail in Windsor during the postal strike, quite unmolested. "When I wasn't for marrying my parents settled me in Windsor. Yes, my people were always about the court; my brother still is. I have graduated in all the handicrafts; got a prize for my gloves. Nowadays I make silver things at a forge in my house for the blinded in war. I have done a good bit of huntin' and fishin' in my life, and been around the world and over it, mostly with my father. He took me to see the hairy Anios in Japan."

Quite apart from the rest of us were a group of Alpini high climbers from Milan. They came on deck in the afternoon, seemingly unaware of everyone else. On the subsequent ship from Bergen to Newcastle they greeted us as long-lost relatives. "We were on deck until five every morning enjoying the wonderful sunrise which went on for hours. We wondered whether our fellow passengers realized what they were missing under those pearly-tinted skies. We made up stories about all of you, giving our own names to you; there was one elderly lady we called La Duse."

So much for the human comedy of a midsummer cruise.

We could not feel far from home because every man who drove us in a Norway excursion said he had been in the United States. I was very happy to see so many bird dogs. During my childhood they were universal in the country; here they still stepped after handsome men, and I somehow felt young again.

1 1

During the summer of 1926 we went West, showing the two children something of their own country. We began at

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Glacier National Park in Colorado, took part in the ceremonies at Astoria where a monument was to be dedicated, saw San Francisco, and then the southern Indians at Santa Fe and the Grand Canyon.

I was the only member of the Astor family available for Astoria. When Vincent Astor was asked to put up a monument to his ancestor's settlement, he replied, "Only if the monument is also to Captain Robert Gray who discovered the mouth of the Columbia, and to Lewis and Clarke who made the overland expedition." His suggestion was accepted, the monument made, and given by Mr. Astor. General Scott commemorated Lewis and Clarke, Professor Morrison did the same for Captain Gray, and I spoke for John Jacob Astor. President of the Northern Pacific Mr. Budd picked us up. The Scotts and Morrisons were already on the train. Wherever we stopped, Indians were waiting at the station to see the General, who had learned the sign language of every tribe during his Western duties in our Army. Fortunately, Vilhjalmur Stefansson persuaded Congress to have a record made, taken from General Scott himself — a monument as enduring as any in stone.

The summer of 1928 took us to the Olympic games in Amsterdam. Not only were the contests worth coming to see but also the thousands of well-built young Europeans who gathered to watch those who had made the teams. At every street corner athletic beauty gathered. The games were thronged by admirers who had shared their goals of discipline. To an older person this experience was an illustration of modern civilization.

Music also gathers people from everywhere. We were at the Salzburg Music Festival in 1931, finding quantities of our young friends at concert and opera. Mozart's setting to Da-

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vid's "Penitential Psalms" was most beautifully given in the cathedral. It was Salzburg's own contribution and measured up well with the artists and instruments gathered from afar.

Bayreuth has nothing to compare in the way of setting with the surrounding mountains and glacial streams which beautified Mozart's boyhood. The scene is unearthly, but alas! On entering the museum I found stark misery. The attendant was a mute, evidently an officer paralyzed during the war. He walked around with me, and I lingered with him, but I could not ask anyone else to include this experience in those festival days.

LETTERS FROM MARGARET ALDRICH
WRITTEN DURING HER VASSAR JUNIOR YEAR
AT THE SORBONNE

Algiers

DEAREST MOTH,

I am going to try to write you a regular journal of everything that has happened. Elsie and I left Paris the eighteenth of March with one suitcase apiece and a book. All our passage was payed for, all we needed in our pocketbooks were tickets and a little extra change. We went third class to Marseilles, a twelve-hour journey.

There were no interesting travellers in our compartment at first, but things changed after lunch because our fellow travellers left us one by one and at Dijon a swarm of Algerian soldiers came aboard and flooded our compartment. We looked at one another, panic-stricken. I thought of all the diseases we might be going to catch, while she had visions of an awful time. But it turned out very well. They were very polite, treating us with great respect, and I must say the journey cheered up a lot. They told us about Algiers, even taught Arab, and we played childish games I will teach you when I get home. Toward the end they sang a lot of marching songs, and we rewarded them with some American cigarettes. We parted very good friends at Marseilles.

The next morning we had a second-class cabin on the *Gouverneur-General Chanzi* which we shared with two elderly women. The port of Marseilles looked lovely as we pulled

away in bright sunlight. We were pretty thrilled. That afternoon clouds and a heavy swell kept us up on the forward deck because Elsie needs the bracing of a strong wind. Finally, I left Elsie in our cabin and went to dinner. My, what a time I had! There was almost no one else there and the plates swept madly back and forth while we grabbed a hectic mouthful now and then.

All of a sudden a steward dashed in, announcing that one of the cabins was flooded. Of course it was ours. I had opened the porthole; the sea had risen. Soon I saw Elsie; the excitement had cured her, at the expense of the suitcases. We clambered up on deck and chatted with a couple of the recovered officers in a salon. Difficult, for we were battled from wall to wall. But it was lots of fun.

Calm came after we passed the Balearic Islands. The night became beautiful, with a full moon and plenty of stars. All was quiet when we said goodnight, but not when we reached our cabin. The two old ladies were snoring. Snoring in different keys, and at different rhythms.

We consulted the steward who said we might sleep on the benches in the dining room, and so we did, covered from head to foot with white blankets which looked like winding sheets. The steward, a nice old man, woke us at five and we went to our bunks where all was quiet again. The next morning, sunny and calm, we played bridge with our friends of the night before.

We reached Algiers about two o'clock. I shall never forget sailing into the harbor. The sea was a light bluish green, the town simply dazzling. Landing was rather an ordeal, but Rene, an officer who had taken quite a fancy to Elsie, piloted us through a seething mass of Arabs to the transit agent.

The hotel we stayed at was splendid, such luxury a re-

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freshing rest. I took a sun bath and unpacked, while Rene took Elsie over Algiers. I went with her the next day before we left. It is a beautiful town, arcaded streets, a joyous waterfront with breakers lashing the walls. We were fascinated by the Arab women in their veils and the men who sweep along majestically, their robes floating in the wind, and their snowy turbans. It was funny to see a typically bronzed old Arab clutching a Singer sewing machine, and others on bicycles.

We took the train that night for Biskra, bowling along through the Algerian mountains. We gazed for hours at the hills flooded by moonlight. After sleeping soundly we were waked at six-thirty to change trains at El Guerreh. Now the sky was overcast and a cold rain fell on us, so we dashed across railroad tracks with a little barefoot Arab in a red fez carrying our bags.

On the next train we breakfasted, established ourselves in a first-class compartment and slept. When we awoke it was to be spellbound by a golden haze over hills, villages with palm trees, and I will never forget the first camel. We saw two with their drivers ambling a little dirt road.

Finally we pulled into Biskra. Our first impression was a low village with mud walls amid masses of palms. Driving to the hotel, we passed a regiment of Spahis in their red capes, riding spirited horses. Really, it all seemed a dream.

The hotel is cool, comfortable and very mosquish, with a lovely garden which we overlook and a balcony for sunbaths. In the afternoon we met Ahmed Bader, our guide who is ours until we leave. We took a walk into town, meeting a charming old man who told fortunes in the sand. He took us into the mosque and we went to the terrace on top where he spread out a bag of sand.

It was too thrilling standing there in the sun with a warm



MARGARET ASTOR ALDRICH



wind listening to our fortune. He said some amazing things. That I had two houses, one in the country; that my mother was a tremendously energetic woman; that I had a friend who had just gone to America and was writing to me. After that we had some coffee in the Square, watching all sorts of people go by. You can't imagine what those dirty crooked little streets are like, filled with loafing natives, among whom every once in a while a camel, an Arab horse or a gazelle would go by. After dinner, Bader took us to see a dervish who stuck pins into his tongue, played with scorpions, walked on fire and danced. Then we went to Cage to see the Ouednaila Arab women dance.

This morning we rested. The afternoon was wonderful. Bader took us on camels to do the town of Biskra and see the Garden of Allah. Imagine a beautiful garden with palms, a little stream, here and there clumps of hybiscus or purple bougainvilleas. We continued to Arab settlements: narrow streets, mud huts with the impression of hands on the doors, the children fascinatingly dressed in red, purple and green. Every now and then we would pass a tiny willing donkey, no bridle, trotting along with a great big Arab on his back. On the main street is a car pulled by a horse.

Tonight at sunset we looked over the town from the terrace. Yellow, houses. Every now and then a white building. Masses of palms, here and there a patch of vivid green grass. In the distance there is the desert with nomad tents, and way beyond a circle of mountains covered with snow. Against the sun they looked a dark blue, in the east pale and soft like your opal. In the distance we could hear the muezzin calling to prayer.

I could go on forever. Our camel riding is grand. The hotel comfortable. We are beautifully looked after, with con-

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stant advice and protection from prowling Arabs. America and Paris seem far away in this heavenly restful spot.

We go into the desert tomorrow.

1 1

Paris

DEAREST MOTH,

The second and last installment of "The Rover Girls on Their Easter Vacation."

I believe I told you everything up to the 24th of March. Thursday afternoon we went riding again on camels, this time each of us dressed in Arab pants, great billowy things which were lent to us. We went out to the dunes, the beginning of the desert, saw cafards running round in the sand and felt quite like "Beau Geste."

That night four of us went walking with the Caissier, Ahmed and we two, to see Biskra by moonlight. It certainly was beautiful and must have touched Ahmed's romantic soul because he asked me if I wouldn't like to try "*l'amour a l'Arab*." I thanked him and said no, that I was with someone who would then be left alone. That he understood and promised me a talisman which would awaken undying love in the other party's heart. I now have the talisman and am searching diligently for someone to try it on.

Friday we went for coffee to Ahmed's house. I have never been so miserable. A filthy courtyard crowded with at least five families, swarms of puny half-clothed children padding round. Mrs. Bader was a charming hostess, young, pretty and shy; but nevertheless we swallowed our coffee in one gulp and made a flying leap for the street. When we got to our room we swabbed, gargled and prayed that we didn't come down with some disease.

LETTERS FROM MARGARET ALDRICH

That night we went walking again, this time with two very nice students from Paris. I got a pretty stiff shock around about midnight. It was quite eerie anyway. Well, we were strolling along peacefully, chatting, when, hearing a noise behind, I turned around slightly and there was the muzzle of a big revolver pointing right at me. There was a huge dark form behind it. I clutched frantically at the student. Finally Andre asked weakly what did he want? He turned out to be a gendarme who was mistaking me for a bandit.

The next day I rode with Ahmed, he on a big horse, his robes billowing out behind him. He kept up a brisk pace, returning by the main street so that he could bow loftily to all his admiring acquaintances.

My horse was agile. I climbed all over the old Turkish fort.

That night we danced at the Casino with the Caissier and a flock of German movie actors who were filming "*Le Vent du Sahare*." The second leading man is undoubtedly the most beautiful man I have ever seen. The kind of beauty that completely takes away your breath and turns your blood to water. He might have been Siegfried himself. He took a fancy to Elsie and came to the hotel several times after that evening. He is a tremendous athlete. Would suddenly leap over huge tables or stand on his hands on a camp stool. Amazingly unspoiled by the movies, he doesn't care much for anything but athletics and philosophy. He has played tennis with Bill Tilden, and oh joy, oh rapture, he traveled in a wagon-lit with Nurmi. . . .

Next day was Easter. Your cable put me in touch and quite set me up. In the evening young Siegfried brought a friend who plays the bold bad Arab and never have I spent a funnier half hour. Conversation was limited to such things

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as "Isn't Biskra *schön*?" "*Haben sue Algerie gern*?" We attempted Hitler and Lindbergh's baby but as they had just come out of the Sudan they were not up on current events.

The next day I made friends with a young couple from Constantinople. With my usual good luck they turned out to be great local people and took me to the Cours Hippique. Their friend turned out a great rider. Favors *haute école*, knows Peggy Holder and evidently knew everything about the occasion. So I met the chief performers.

By this time we got nearer and nearer to the fatal parting, so we went out to take millions of photographs. It was pretty ticklish because it is against religion here to be photographed. We left the next day. It was too tragic. All the waiters, bell-boys, camel drivers and officials shook us warmly by the hand, swearing eternal friendship.

At the station where we waited dismally for our train, who should come dashing up like Orpheus on a May morn, collar open, covered with makeup, but Vitold the actor to say good-bye.

The trip back to Algiers was uneventful. At Algiers it felt like home to be back at our Hotel Aletti. Thursday and Friday a naval man who had brought us over on the *Chanzi* showed me all the sights. I also got your letter, most welcome. The officer is Algerian and adores his country. he was very kind and pleasant and came to see me off. Elsie had an Army lieutenant, so we were well treated by both Services.

A calm trip back, with amusing young men at our table, one of whom did Ruth-Draperish things imitating Arabs. The next day we reached Marseilles, waiting two hours and a half for the Paris train, sitting on our suitcases with the entertaining boy and a friend of his in a howling mob. The jour-

ney second class was quite an experience as we sat up all night. I could not find out what to do with my neck.

Elsie certainly is a fine person to travel with. As long as I live I shall never forget that trip. Not a single flaw. Wonderful weather, beautiful country, charming people. When I came bouncing into the apartment, brown and healthy like a Girl Scout, I was greeted with sombreness. The whole family ill with one thing or another. Tales of death in their family, and a dismal rainy Easter. It was then I realized all I had been having.

1 1

Paris

DEAREST MOTH,

Really, it never rains but it pours. Yesterday I went to meet Colette at a place called Foundation Salomon Rothschild — about two-thirty because she was selling books at a sale. I went prancing over. It looked like a pretty elegant gathering, and I was quite impressed with the tremendous house, the snappy cars and everything else. Well, I went timidly in and at the head of the stairs were lots of authors selling their own books. I searched for the name of my friend's mother — Madame Colette — and went in.

Someone talking to a friend said, "You are early enough to see the President," so I felt I was in for an afternoon of celebrity gazing.

I found Mme. Colette's booth. She was signing books for two ladies who were trying to make their choice, when suddenly I heard bang-bang-bang. I looked at Madame, saying, "It sounds like a revolver." She answered, "It can't be. Must be *du photographie*." But the mob was scurrying round so I joined them, asking what it was. Someone said, "The President has been shot."

FAMILY VISTA

I ran back for Mme. Colette and we both rushed over to see. The big mob around the President moved toward the door. Someone announced: "The sale is closed." Everyone was requested to leave by the garden. I went in that direction. A man passed me covered with blood who said the President was shot in the temple, had fallen swimming in blood. He said they caught the man. I passed a woman fainting, several others were noisily weeping. Everyone talked at once, nobody knew what they were doing.

I went into the garden, passing tables covered with refreshments set out on the lawn. I just got out when a policeman locked the gate. I went to the front, expecting Colette. A sweet old man behind me, who looked as though he were one of the authors, was trembling convulsively. As a car arrived a policeman would open the door, say something, shut the door, and the car would drive on. This went on endlessly until a big limousine whizzed headlong into a taxi. Out jumped Tardieu, running like a bat out of hell.

Madame Colette came, I went to class.

It is all the strangest thing to look back upon. At the time it seemed perfectly natural. I looked on impersonally, without a flutter, telling Madame in the way you would say, "I take two lumps of sugar." I did not realize that I was at an historical event. I did not even look at the President or ask who had killed him. At last I realized I couldn't even get a book signed and could not identify celebrities, as they were all weaving around among the crowd.

Certain things remain absolutely clear in my mind. I heard five successive shots very clearly.

In the subway I had a funny sensation, wishing to tell everyone the President had been shot. I have never before known anything like that ahead of the public.

LETTERS FROM MARGARET ALDRICH

Since I had been at the assassination I thought I had better go to the Elysee for the lying-in-state. Very sad and very impressive. The crowd miraculously silent, very much moved. This morning I saw the new President come back from Versailles, and this morning I saw the impressive funeral procession. The King of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, Tardieu, Laval and Herriot. Now I must be getting in some hard work after the weekend of Pentecostal vacation.

And that's all. Write soon. Give my love to all, and thank you for making me capable of taking such a trip.

POET IN PRIVATE

I sent my *Sonnets for Choice* to Professor Saintsbury in Edinburgh as coming from a long-distance student of his. I received immediately a postal in handwriting with his signature: "Thanks for the handsome sonnets."

Poetry is a form of life following its own lines. Mind, character and action are obedient. The habit of metrical thinking, talking and writing is early established. I suppose there have not been a hundred great poets in Christian literature (I know very little about Eastern literature). Among and around great poets are thousands of minor poets for thousands of people are in this life always. Many of these minor poets survive in a single line or couplet. "All quiet along the Potomac" and "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" are among them in America. The second example was found in Lincoln's wallet after his death.

I began writing very early. When I was seven the astronomer-uncle encouraged me by reading a scrap I handed him and then putting it in his breast pocket. Soon after, I was told only to write down what I thought good, and the stream went underground for years. Marion Crawford, amusing the family by reading handwritings, said of mine, "With a different bringing up she would have been a poet." There was unexpected encouragement.

I feel there should be no embarrassment about minor poetry, incidental verse or any other metrical expression. The small number of great poets keeps them on an eminence by themselves. People bored by music do not go to concerts. Those

bored by poetry should never hear or read it, but the word "amateur" is not applicable because experience is a real force. No experience is amateur. Many a line conveying it is struck off to satisfy the writer and often many readers, while thousands of perfect lines contain no experience and are still-born.

Imitation is inevitable. The more moving a poet the larger his following. It would not be humiliating to be told one had reflected Browning or written an echo of Eliot. Fugitive singing makes many an echo. The public today likes to be reminded of Robert Frost by a good following.

Soon after the 1912 publication of *Sonnets for Choice* we met Sir Edmund Gosse in London. I told him I wrote sonnets only because I could not find satisfying rules for the writing of lyrics. I think I had known for years a second-rate line in any sonnet. We discussed this and on his advice I bought *French Rhymes in English Verse*. The little book became invaluable to both phrase and stanza. Yet nothing is so important as reading the best poetry. That is like looking at the stars and hearing them.

We knew Mr. and Mrs. Binyon when they were in New York, so in London I took him the first stanzas of my ode to Westminster Abbey, asking whether I should continue or throw it in a wastepaper basket. The answer was, "By all means go on with it. Come here (the British Museum) and work, avoid feminine rhymes, go from where you have begun."

This I did, working in the Abbey itself in the summers of 1914, 1922, 1925, 1928 and 1931. During the last of these years I was at the service on St. Peter's Day. In front of me was a scholar I knew well. I ventured to send the complete poem to his wife, and his comment was, "Print it at once. Go to the London *Guardian*." Though printed in the *Guar-*

FAMILY VISTA

dian, as far as I know the ode was never reviewed or quoted in England. Probably English copyright laws make reprinting difficult. The ode carried a subtitle "By an American Visitor." The *New York Times* printed my poem when the Abbey was bombed.

W E S T M I N S T E R A B B E Y

*Here would I gladly turn to sculptured stone
And be the image of another's grave.
Here life is by its effigy outdone,
Man flits, a bat, along the storied nave.*

*Flits with his little lore and lesser mind,
A bow toward Canning, for some poet tears,
Touches through kings the centuries behind
To hold himself the climax of high years.*

*But man departs and the great shrine remains;
An altar ringed by sovereigns at whose feet
The dust of eloquence from answering fanes
Hears choirs mount and palpitating meet.*

*Kings with their Parliaments encircle here
A fold where the Good Shepherd feeds his sheep,
Christ's "Drink ye all of this," his "Draw ye near
Ye heavy laden" make a current deep*

*Flowing with laboring Thames; a closer tide
Rises in England and with England falls
As Lords and Commons vote for Truth or Pride,
Serve or forget the God within their halls.*

*A sacrificial chalice is the heart
Whence service pulses from this hoar domain.
The Unknown Soldier plays his muted part
Born of today. Here in unbroken chain*

POET IN PRIVATE

*The priests of England and her faithful hosts
Kneel with the vision that the prayers they cast
Caught up by mystic life's attending ghosts
Break in the distance many a doubter's fast.*

*Forth from these cloisters, rich in preparations,
Time carries Youth to face the world alone.
Wider than Empire, across the Nations,
A brood of scholars wings through every zone.*

*They live with thought attuned to Gothic glory.
Often upon a restless dreamer's bed
Some tracery from transept or clerestory
By palm and tropic radiance has been shed.*

*Dreamless a numb patrol on Northern marches
Sheltered among the dim primeval trees
Recalls a boyhood 'neath the Abbey arches
And sends an anthem down the polar breeze.*

*Ever on Britain's seas a Watch will ponder
The stars' lookout upon Creation's vast
Of air; always seafaring men will wonder,
"What saw Orion as o'er home he passed?"*

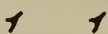
*From East to West through high-wheeled glass descending
Untiring planets stream successive light;
Upon the Abbey sun with moon attending
Resplendent breaks at dawn or glowing night.*

*Then, with closed doors, all tribute man has rendered,
All man has been, seems but a little thing.
In silence to God's Presence quite surrendered
The sentient walls themselves stand worshiping.*

FAMILY VISTA

My reason for being so long over the ode will be understood by anyone who has written long verse. I got outside the place in which I had started and evidently had to get back. My Westminster scholars were across the world. How return to the Abbey itself? The day finally came when I remembered that sailors watch the stars on the way home as elsewhere. I was looking down on the Abbey from stars. I was back.

I tell all this because I like minor poets and those who enjoy them. Distinguish between temporary output which is multitudinous, and survival which is very rare. Be among the singers of your day, your only ambition to do the best you can. Someone may pick up your inspiration and make from it an immortal song. Take the best subject you can find, give it the best treatment your study can assemble, find the best line and try to raise the others. While the human heart is beating two-four time, while we inhale, exhale and pause, triple-time is making the anapest; when they bring metrical thinking be on the lookout for your imagination. A poet should always be ready to hear what is coming to him.



My mind is not idle. I long ago discovered the pastime of speculation in literature and history. Being an amateur, however, my papers are not accepted.

One of the most fascinating of trails is that which leads to the sources of a work of the imagination, the search for the images and associations at the back of the author's mind. *Le critique de g n se*, the French call it.

A perennial subject for this exploration of the poetic process is "The Raven," which was first published in the *Evening Mirror* in 1845, with an international success that brought a flood of questions to the author as to the genesis of the poem.

In April 1846, Poe published in *Graham's Magazine* a long article entitled "The Philosophy of Composition," which contained a detailed account of the writing of "The Raven." The explanation had all the characteristics of wisdom after the event, and was frankly termed "fence building" by Edwin Markham in his preface to the memorial edition of Poe's *Works* published in 1904. "His explanation does not tell us where he found the music, the fire, and the shaping imagination. The secret of the secret is not disclosed."

Perhaps Poe did not know the secret. Does this trail lead to its hiding place, deep in the subconscious?

During the 1840s Poe had reviewed with generous praise Washington Irving's *Astoria* for the *Southern Messenger*. If Poe was interested in *Astoria*, he must have been doubly so in "Newstead Abbey" which Irving had published in the *Crayon Miscellany* in 1833. This was a visitor's account of the ancestral home of Lord Byron. Irving paid two visits to the Abbey, once when Byron was in Italy (his letters occasionally mentioning the American: "Praise from Irving is a feather in my fool's cap" and "Irving, whose writings are my delight"), the second time after Byron's death, when the house had passed into the ownership of Colonel Wildman, once a classmate of Byron's at Harrow.

During this visit, Irving occupied Byron's bedroom, which was called the Rooks' Cell because of a flight of rooks which nested just outside in the ruins of the Abbey's chapel. Byron told of still hearing the rooks of Newstead after leaving England, and of being reminded of his reading of ancient writings in his family's library. Irving wrote home of being disturbed by the rooks night and morning. Moreover, during his last illness he would not allow "The Raven" to be read to him at night.

It is easy to believe that Poe read "Newstead Abbey." Is it far-fetched to conceive of that active imagination held unconsciously by those "innumerable rooks," cawing, wheeling, perhaps sometimes flying into the room, while its occupant read "many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore"?

Poe does not seem to have written at any length about Byron, but in *The Poetic Principle* he selected what he called a minor poem, "Though the Day of My Destiny's Over," to point out "Although the rhythm here is one of the most difficult, the versification could scarcely be improved, nobler theme has never engaged the pen of poet." The theme is the same as that of the lost Lenore in "The Raven." The versification of both poems is similarly intricate.

There can be no proof of this association of ideas — Irving, Byron, the rooks of Newstead, "The Raven" — but it is a possibility fascinating to ponder.

1 1

So many experts write about Hawthorne, I am always expecting one of them to point out his evident debt to Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*. The death scenes of the two heroes in *The Scarlet Woman* and *Man of Feeling* could be printed in parallel columns. Sir Water Scott much admired Mackenzie's novel, and it may well have been in the library of Hawthorne's uncle when he lived with him before going to college.

1 1

There seems no chance of interesting the reading world today in Edgar Fawcett, whose novels were immensely popular in the nineties. He has been entirely forgotten, not even mentioned in a recent history of fiction whose author replied to my enquiry: "There is only one line about him in any encyclopedia I have consulted." Fawcett was living and writing his

novels in Boston when Henry James was growing up. Having become a fanatical follower of Ingersoll, he left Boston for England. His last novel is dedicated to Henry James.

There are over twenty Fawcett novels, clever in plot and about the people everyone then knew. A poor writer, he talks all the time, repeating what his characters look like, delaying his story, inviting his reader to skip. However the characters and what happened to them brought edition after edition. A new Fawcett was always wanted. Such a surprise as we had at the end of *An Ambitious Woman* could not be missed.

He remains important because of his early influence on the boy Henry James in Boston. How much did he teach James about English Society? Here is a pregnant paragraph: "My friend is arriving from London. I must see that he meets our important hostesses. Not that he would do that for me in London." The Englishman is taken to a ball in New York; fully described is the neighborhood of Stuyvesant Square. "When the young ladies we are going to dance with walk tomorrow morning, they enter the slums." When I left the house as a very little child, I too was always surrounded by beggars and other poverty-stricken people from the east side of Second Avenue. I know of no other novelist who gives the contrasts in New York real estate, sounding the end of the neighborhood containing the houses of governors and secretaries of state.

1 1

There is the injurious phrase "Perfide Albion" used against the English. I once read, but have never since been able to find, a statement that Albion, son of the British King Albion, killed his father and was from then on called "Perfidious Albion" by the English in character with their sense of justice. This term the French Cardinal Retz turned around in a famous sermon

against England, then the enemy of France, and the allocution was taken up by the French court. It can be found in a letter written by Mme. de Sevigne to her daughter, as well as in two poems that came out of the French Revolution, one by a member of the Old Régime and the other by a follower of the Terror. Napoleon undoubtedly knew of the latter poem and used the phrase when England refused to receive him and sent him instead to St. Helena. Thus was crowned the Cardinal's appropriation of what was originally a tribute to British honor.

My research took me to the Folger Library in Washington where I found the Cardinal's sermon and Mme. de Sevigne's reference ("The English Royal Family are much better here, out of their perfidious country"). The professor of Romance languages at Johns Hopkins supplied me with the titles of the two French poems. The Huntington Museum in California had purchased some Dryden manuscripts and I hoped to find in the collection the clue to the literary riddle, since Dryden had written a short scene, "The Apotheosis of Albion," and though he did not mention the son Albion, I was anxious to determine whether he had left any notes on the subject. But the collection had not been catalogued, due to some disagreement between the Huntington Estate and state of California, and I was unable to pursue my investigation.

1 1

Another of my theories is that Pamela Lady Edward Fitzgerald was not the daughter but the granddaughter of the Duc d'Orleans and Mme. de Genlis. Their child was probably a son who went into the fisheries, married an English girl in Newfoundland and was drowned. He never appears in accounts of Pamela's later life. She was brought to England by her mother, and later was taken to Paris by her French grandparents who retrieved her from relatives in Liverpool. She remem-

bered her arrival at the palace in Paris when she was twelve. The Duc d'Orleans met and embraced her and, taking her to Mme. de Genlis, he said, "*Voici notre petit bijou.*"

The triad of the French court, Newfoundland and Liverpool has always seemed to me impossible, but possible with the introduction of another generation. The dates in the case make the granddaughter relationship difficult but not impossible. Thus, though Mme. de Genlis was born in 1746 and would have been a mother before she was fifteen if Pamela was her granddaughter, Latins as a rule marry early in life, consummating unions arranged for them in their childhood; even illegitimate children among them often have very young parents.

A Fitzgerald making investigations in Newfoundland located a man whose granddaughter Mary Bliss sailed for Liverpool with her little daughter on the date that serves to confirm the theory. As for Mme. de Genlis, she made an early appearance at the French court before becoming governess in the Orleans household. She was the niece of Mme. de Montauban, mistress of the Duc d'Orleans' father, and must have shared the family life with his young son by whom she would have had the child Pamela. Mme. de Montauban disliked her niece, but made use of her as an amanuensis. An intrigue within the palace would have strengthened this hostility.

Whether daughter or granddaughter, Pamela became the adopted daughter of the French peer and was supported by his devotion to the end of her life.

/ /

What I have to say about psychology and the artist is the result of perhaps twenty years of reading concerning man and his nature. Some of the books were by professional psychologists, many were novels; some described the brain, some the

emotions. All of them, I thought, used the artist a little unfairly. The artist to a student in psychology is a species of illustration for the abnormal; he is to be excused from the normal and of any lack of balance, of moral perception, of correct behavior.

Tolstoy in *The Kreutze Sonata* gives perhaps the highest type of treatment which art has received in fiction. Lombroso examining disease exploits talent until to the excited mind of the reader it looms as one of Milton's fallen angels, the impersonation of evil. In conversation we fall into the same vocabulary. We say, "an odd genius," "divine madness," "the helplessness of talent" — and so the circle is completed; from birth a gifted child is assumed to be abnormal, weak in co-operation, at liberty to quarrel or to waste his constitution in stimulating his emotions.

Surely all of this is contemptible and can only be excused because we are not yet free from a past in which no respect was shown the human being under any circumstances. What could be more absurd than the life of royalty in history? What more horrible than the courtier's entrance — today a favorite, tomorrow a beggar? Below king and court weltered the majority without rights, marching about killing men in the imaginary game of frontiers. The artist who provided amusement and relaxation was carried along, as it were, on the outside of the system. Never a king, as useless in a court intrigue as he was on a battlefield, he survived the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, the rise of industrialism; a being surrounded by tradition which called him a charmed fool. We are told that if modern life treats him as a fully responsible being his creative ability will evaporate.

Now modern life has developed the science of psychology. Man is to be regarded as a territory often crossed, never correctly surveyed in completion, in parts waste land, in many regions long since exhausted. His physical structure is either

the cause or the result of the spirit inhabiting it; we have spirits visible to all: the poet chanting while others talk, the painter making life walk across the bare and immovable wall, the musician fashioning curious objects out of which come sounds fraught with emotion. Can we wonder that psychologists have seized upon the artist for illustration? Could it have been otherwise?

I am speaking to artists: Can you tell me of any instance where men of talent have said, "What can we do to establish the artist's psychology upon a rational basis?" You do not want your talent to be rated in proportion to incapacities. You do not feel there was inevitable connection between the luxurious extravagance of a Wagner or the eccentricities of a Berlioz and what those two great musical lives have done for the inspiration and mechanics of your art. In the light of modern research the faults and follies of these men had no more to do with their production than had the tortured digestion of Beethoven to do with his production. Schumann went mad. It was not because of his musical psychology. The insane are not more musical than the balanced.

Many artists are habitual beggars. So are men in all walks of life. I find no weaknesses, frequently cited as the concomitant of talent, which do not trouble the world where there is not talent.

Creative faculty undoubtedly has great laws. What they are, how they can be recognized, stimulated, nourished and respected is for you to find out. The professional psychologist will help you. He is trained in method and resource; he will gladly at your bidding cease to use talent as a facile illustration of something else. He can bring to bear his accumulation of information on habit, on memory, on all the elements which direct occupation.

When it comes to discriminating between the laws of exe-

cution, reproduction and invention, no one outside of the creative world will be able to see far. Genius perceives sometimes clearly, oftener tentatively. Seizing upon an idea, he expresses it for the multitude. Sometimes they stone him, and the idea is lost in his life.

But now in these happy days besides the genius and the public there are his fellow artists. Solidarity has come to stand like a bodyguard between capacity and deaf ears. Envy and jealousy, competition and rivalry may polish their weapons among you; but to the outside world you present the impenetrable strength of mutual loyalty; you are your own patrons; the music of the future will be induced by your standards. Quick to recognize an advance, equally quick to detect fraud, to judge the importance of imitation, you can by assuming your position control and therefore create musical output.

It will be easier to do this when you have mastered the modern technique of life, when you have dismissed the fitful, ignorant so-called artistic *entourage* which only argued occasional ability. Here psychology helps us much. The simplest laws of health, fresh air, clothing which is not too heavy, food which does its work — where there is genius the best conditions produce the best quality, the least waste.

Nothing makes the past seem more horrible to me than the waste of all kinds of ability. Think of the multitudes who have lived upon earth and then of the handful of immortal poets, musicians, painters, showing us what nature meant the world to possess.

Mechanical talent suffered as much as any of the arts. Inventors were burned or died in the madhouse. See what an army of inventors and discoverers now populate the world! There are never too many good inventions, there never could be too many good pictures or too many perfect melodies.

America is at once the land of quantity and the land of

POET IN PRIVATE

invention. Let American musicians say, "We will master the laws of our psychology; we will place our profession higher than where a tolerance of the picturesque has placed it. We will pursue the ideal of our inspiration into the depths of subjective mystery, freeing her skirts from tawdry details of limiting poses; by mastering our limitations we may forever forget them and be free to make music for a listening world."

ISSUES IN RETROSPECT

In 1900 I received a letter from the Daughters of the American Revolution in New York saying their association had asked Senator Sulzer to procure Congressional medals for Miss Bouligny and me because of our work for the Army in Puerto Rico.

I at once called on the Senator, saying that as many women had nursed during the Spanish War and had died I thought the medal if granted should be a general one, the recipients to be selected by a proper committee.

Senator Sulzer replied, "Oh well then, since you do not want the medal I will do nothing about it."

Many years passed until a young officer who had married into our family felt indignant enough to look the matter up in the War Department where it was on record and interest some personnel in the case. Miss Bouligny was already dead.

The result was that two Congressional medals, one for Miss Bouligny's family and one for me, were made while President Franklin Roosevelt was in the White House. He took the greatest interest in the design, sending it back several times. Finally I was summoned to Hyde Park, where President Roosevelt told us he had run away from Groton with another boy, hoping to reach our Army in Cuba. So well known are Groton boys that they were soon picked up and returned.

My acceptance of the medal in June 1938 follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, YOUR EXCELLENCY:

My gratitude to you and to the Congress for this beautiful

ISSUES IN RETROSPECT

tribute is steeped in memories which recall, as though present, a host of persons all engaged in helping to put an end to tyrannical European government in our neighboring West Indies.

My experiences in these endeavors brought me opportunity, faith and gratitude. Human achievements in themselves, they are symbolized for me in the Congressional Medal.

There came first the opportunities given me by General Miles through his chief medical officer, Colonel Greenleaf, by the Puerto Rican Red Cross, by the officers who brought their men to our wards, by those officers who themselves took advantage of our nursing.

The Red Cross gave them faith in me. It is a wonderful dynamo for faith, lifting a situation beyond the limitations of one individuality.

I have a letter written in some far distant, very small place which says, "My son joined the Army pack train. I can read every day about the soldiers. Nobody ever mentions the packers. Miss Chanler, I know you will find my son if he is anywhere near where you are." To help meet unusual conditions this faith came to help me.

And then there was gratitude. Weak men helped through doors by their friends, trying to express relief at finding rest and care. Strong men some days later pouring out joy at being able to return to their regiments. That is what Army nurses do. They shorten the time a man spends on sick leave.

The gratitude of officers and men about to report for duty may well be perpetuated in gold.

Opportunity. Faith. Gratitude. Today the gratitude is mine. I am happy to have lived so long that I may say that Government has not forgotten.

Government does not forget. Government remembers.

FAMILY VISTA

On one of my visits to London I came across the office of a church suffrage society; it led to me founding a small church suffrage club in New York, which was the origin of the Churchwomen's Club, no longer in existence. During the First World War I circulated a post card asking the members to refrain from serving wine or other intoxicants during the War, since alcohol was forbidden to our enlisted men. I felt it to be outrageous that we should continue to enjoy what was illegal for those defending us. The response to my post card was very good.

On the death of my lifelong friend Margaret Morgan Norrie, I took her place as head of the Law Enforcement League in New York until the resumption of alcohol was again legal. I had never taken the pledge, nor were any of my relatives white-ribbon people. Gin and whiskey were not offered to ladies and personally I disliked both champagne and the customary red wines, so on my part there was no virtue of self-denial.

Young men might sometimes be somewhat tipsy at late balls in their twenties, and then to my horror I found those partners could no longer dine out. Alcohol is a habit-forming drug. At that time complete ignorance reigned concerning our nervous controls. Laws as inevitable as those governing the stars or tides reduced habitual drinkers to servants of stimulants. To be a strong head or a weak head was a gentleman's privilege, even concerning his personal liberty. How noble liberty could be involved I have never been able to see.

For a few years after Prohibition became law heaven was amongst us. The poor could not drink and crime was reduced, with the attendant reduction of prison sentences, police costs and hospital expenses for those addicted to delirium tremens. Even in New York where "Wet" Governor Alfred Smith would not sign the Volstead Law (thereby throwing enforce-

ment here on national authorities), wages could now be turned into the family budget for savings, the ownership of cottages and the like.

While these conditions were increasing, the liquor dealers were raising funds with which to defeat them. At a convention in Atlantic City a huge budget was discussed for the establishment of bootlegging. This opposition to law enforcement in turn increased government expenses, which toll was held up to taxpayers by the friends of alcohol.

The citizens who had finally succeeded in passing the law in favor of Prohibition had not calculated that immense fortunes would be made because people would be willing to spend huge sums of money in order to drink alcohol. Everyone was surprised at the total announced in Atlantic City, and at the fact of women coming forward, as did Mrs. Sabin, to praise bootlegging and persuade hostesses to employ their own bootleggers (I found many male Wets who would have preferred leaving the organization to men only).

There appeared an hysteria founded largely on the question of personal liberty: Injure your country rather than lessen your liberty. I knew one New York woman who actually named her Wet Committee after Molly Pitcher, although Molly risked her life carrying *water only* to the Revolutionary soldiers.

As chairman of the Law Enforcement League I had some odd experiences. One spring I secured an empty shop on Fifth Avenue in the Fifties, where we held daily noon meetings with good speakers. I had a model there of a machine by which illicit alcohol could be made, on display as one would show a deadly weapon. I walked some bootleggers one day, grateful to us for the opportunity to examine such a contraption at close range.

I spoke before the committee which held hearings on both sides. By that time actual votes were involved. Not many of

the committee were present when our side was heard. "A man has a right to get drunk and so has a woman" won that day.

Whether economic responsibility will be able to destroy this infantilism remains a foremost question. My husband had tragic memories of the number of young men in journalism who, drinking because they were tired, had to be thrown out. He never had the slightest sympathy for liquor on an empty stomach. That fashion may pass because it is only a fashion and not the custom of historic ages. Tippling in drawing-rooms, the glass in the hostess' hand, was unknown in the earlier United States, the great majority of Americans serving only tea and coffee at their dining room table. The joys of "getting together" needed only gaiety, not stimulants.

Better than all other propaganda, the commercial alcohol interests have succeeded, as the number of liquor stores proclaim on any New York avenue. People still assume that Prohibition was routed because it failed. Were that true the Wets would not have needed so much money. What is failing seeps away, the opposition but little the poorer. Prohibition was a gigantic success, for there were no liquor shops or saloons then. Their habitues returned home sober. This happened in every village. Now one and now another, when multiplied by what was saved in town and metropolis, the total would have lowered taxes and human costs, had the liquor dealers and their followers not interfered.

The minority for irresponsibility could scarcely have succeeded if that had not been an era when we were taking in masses of European immigrants, before the quotas had been established. Natives of wine-drinking countries resented the abolition of alcohol. But unaccustomed to whiskey, they filled our insane asylums. At one time when our office counted them they were in the majority at the asylum for such cases on Long

Island. They were, of course, an immense burden for the taxpayers.

My husband reported a cottage he often passed when riding into which women were lured "for something warming." He had to cross the Hudson to Kingston with his complaint and was there told: "Mr. Aldrich, we have hundreds of such reports, many still dating from last year because we are not a large enough national force to handle them."

When Governor Smith was being talked of for the Presidency an important citizen from California called on him at Albany, asking, "What about the Volstead Law?" Pointing to a map of New York with its border on Canada, the Governor replied, "Look at that outline."

New York State was the first one to fall to the alcohol interests. Had this been otherwise, had New York come into the experiment of Prohibition with state pride in law and order, the momentum of our first three years in an earthly paradise might have been secured to the nation.

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Marriage through divorce came early into our lives when the widow of a cousin, a person of whom we were very fond, married a man who had just had a sensational divorce and who carried her into the millionaire world. We three sisters retired from our friendship with her and I have continued to drop out of one friendship or relationship after another on the ground that marriage through divorce is bad for the human family. Before the First World War no American judge gave a divorce where there was collusion — expectation of a second marriage. Men returning from the AEF were more leniently treated and so the present custom arose and developed. Of course, the situation is the same on both sides. It is not only that I do not invite those married through divorce, I may never

FAMILY VISTA

go to their houses, because no person wants anyone in his house who thinks he has injured the human family.

Divorce is a human law; does it destroy parenthood?

✓ ✓

To this clergyman's granddaughter the religious scene has been ever present. I saw the rise, the success and the re-absorbing of the Reformed Episcopal Church, which was a strong reaction against what is now called Anglo-Catholicism. When Cardinal Newman was leaving the Church of England, Arthur Carey, brother-in-law of Alida Astor, returned to New York and planted here the Oxford Movement. He went to Cuba and died. Dr. Houghton, who first buried actors from his church, took up Carey's mission, and ritualism began.

After some years the Reformed Church was founded in New York City. I think it should not be forgotten; but the stronger force was that of Dr. Huntington, Dr. Satterlie and Dr. Greer, who continued the norm within the church, preaching the presence of God in companionship as we move about, thus offsetting the mechanical drift of repetitious rituals.

All movements toward Unity minimize barriers. The Salvation Army practices St. Francis' life. Even Robert Ingersoll acknowledged he could not do without the Sermon on the Mount, and government carries on slum clearance and child welfare because government wants a good conscience. If I am not to be my own climax I must acknowledge a maker.

I could write many pages about public affairs and private changes, all of which would be about two things: What is significant in private lives? How can we adjust ourselves to awareness of the simultaneous?

Vice-President Alben William Barkley has said, "Life is now a one-night stand around the world." There is the simultaneous forever uniting foreground and distance.

ISSUES IN RETROSPECT

Significance fired my imagination very early. Only lately have I realized how many opposite things are happening to all of us at the same time.

The Light of the World, if it resembles light received from heat, creates variety. Unity can never mean uniformity. We must live many events at the same time, emphasizing the significant.

In *Family Vista* I have set down many details, each of which I have hoped is significant to its object. George Herbert was right:

*Who sweeps a room as in God's sight
Makes that and the action fine.*

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